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Magazine For Girls

April 1943

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BADGE OF COURAGE

MARION BLISSETT PROVED HER RIGHT TO WEAR THE RED CROSS WHICH HAS BECOME A SYMBOL OF UNDAUNTED BRAVERY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD—A TRUE STORY



IN 1940, IN THE HENRY FORD HOSPITAL IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN...

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE NEW PROJECT OF THE RED CROSS AND HARVARD UNIVERSITY, MARION?

NO, WHAT IS IT?

THEY'RE GOING TO SET UP A HOSPITAL IN ENGLAND FOR THE STUDY OF COMMUNICABLE DISEASES IN WARTIME.



I WANT FOREIGN DUTY. DO YOU SUPPOSE I COULD JOIN THIS GROUP?

EPIDEMICS ARE ONE OF THE GREATEST EVILS OF WAR.

THIS WOULD BE A CHANCE TO STUDY CONTROL OF DISEASE AND DO SOME WAR WORK AT THE SAME TIME.











"If you ask me," Humphrey Prall cackled, flipping a page, "a nut wrote it."



Skiing **IN A NUTSHELL**

JEP HILTON, bundled up to her short nose in a scarlet ski suit and with her father's old fishing hat smashed down over her straight black hair, perched on a wobbly sawhorse in the Hilton garage. She was giving orders to her house guest, Laurel Ashworth.

"No," Jep barked, "catch your weight with your knees. If you land on your heels all the time, you'll get a fierce backache. Now try it again—one, two, three, jump!"

Laurel, frightfully smart in her new blue snow suit and gleaming hickory skis, crouched, leaped six inches off the concrete floor, and came down with a clatter.

"That's better," Jep pushed her hat off her forehead, fished *Skiing in a Nutshell* out of her hip pocket. Then she pulled off her brother Ted's mitten and held it in her teeth while she found the place "In skiing," she read impressively, "it's all-important to get the right start."

Jep snapped the book shut.

Jep could learn to slalom in one easy chapter—and beat Humphrey—at least that's what the book said.

By DOROTHY MAYWOOD BIRD
Author of Stories for Girls and Boys

hastily replaced the mitten. Already her fingers were stinging in the dry cold. "That's what I didn't do. I learned by sliding down the ash pile on barrel staves. That's why that excuse for a human being, Humphrey Prall, chortles every time he sees me on a hill. I'm fast enough on straight downhill, but I can't do turns." Jep climbed down off the sawhorse. "Hump says," she exploded, "I ski just like a stork. All the same," she went on, "I'm not so terrible except for slalom. Whatever you do, Laurel, keep away from slalom. It's perfectly naus—nauseating!"

This was Laurel's first winter at Granite Harbor. "What's slalom?" she asked fixing her nice blue eyes inquiringly on Jep. "Is it something to eat?"

Jep scowled. "Slalom is like a hundred-yard dash on skis,

only it wiggles. They set up a maze of colored poles with flags on top to make gate combinations on a ski slope. You have to take them in order. The person who gets through in one piece and makes the best time wins. Slalom is Humphrey Prall's specialty. It's fiendish—it's . . ."

She was interrupted by the garage door buckling inward followed by two big hatless boys in mackinaws and dazzling green plush ear muffs. Without even "Hello," Ted Hilton took a flying leap at the family toboggan hitched to the rafters.

Humphrey Prall lifted his eyebrows in Laurel's direction, sauntered over to Jep, said, "Hi, pest," and helped himself to *Skiing in a Nutshell*. He flipped over a few pages, then burst into hoarse laughter. "Listen to this," he cackled at Ted who

was busy cutting the ropes that held the toboggan. "The Walking Step. With knees well bent, push the right ski forward, at the same time bringing the left pole forward. Then the left leg is free and should come forward with the right ski." Humphrey slapped his hunting breeches, doubled up, and laughed till his face got red.

"Skiing in a Nutshell!" he jibed. "Take it from me, sister, if you follow *that* book, the only skiing you'll ever do will be in a nutshell. If you ask me, a nut wrote it."

By this time Ted had the toboggan down and was squeezing through the door with it. "If you value your life," Hump shot at Laurel on the way out, "confine yourself to bobsleds. It took four gatekeepers to fix up the slalom course last year after Jep got through. She had to keep beefsteak on her eye for a week and a half where she ran her own ski pole into it."

"There," Jep said bitterly, "that's what my brother picks for his best friend. He's only a year older than I am, but to hear him talk you'd think

he's Methuselah. In his whole life, he's never called me anything but 'pest.' Here, you've practiced enough dry-skiing for today." She knelt down and started unbuckling Laurel's bindings. "We'll get a plate of Cobb's hermits, and build a fire in the library, and go over tomorrow's lesson while we thaw out."

Later, sitting cross-legged on the hearth in front of the blazing birch logs with *Skiing in a Nutshell* open in her lap, Jep took alternate bites of a giant spy apple and one of Miss Cobb's famous honey-date hermits.

"Something," she told Laurel sternly, "ought to be done about that smug-faced Humphrey Prall. He took the high school slalom trophy for the freshmen two years ago, and last March he won it for the sophomores. This year he'll get it for the snooty juniors without even trying. He's so good that everyone's scared to race him. The

freshmen got me into it last year, but never, never again!"

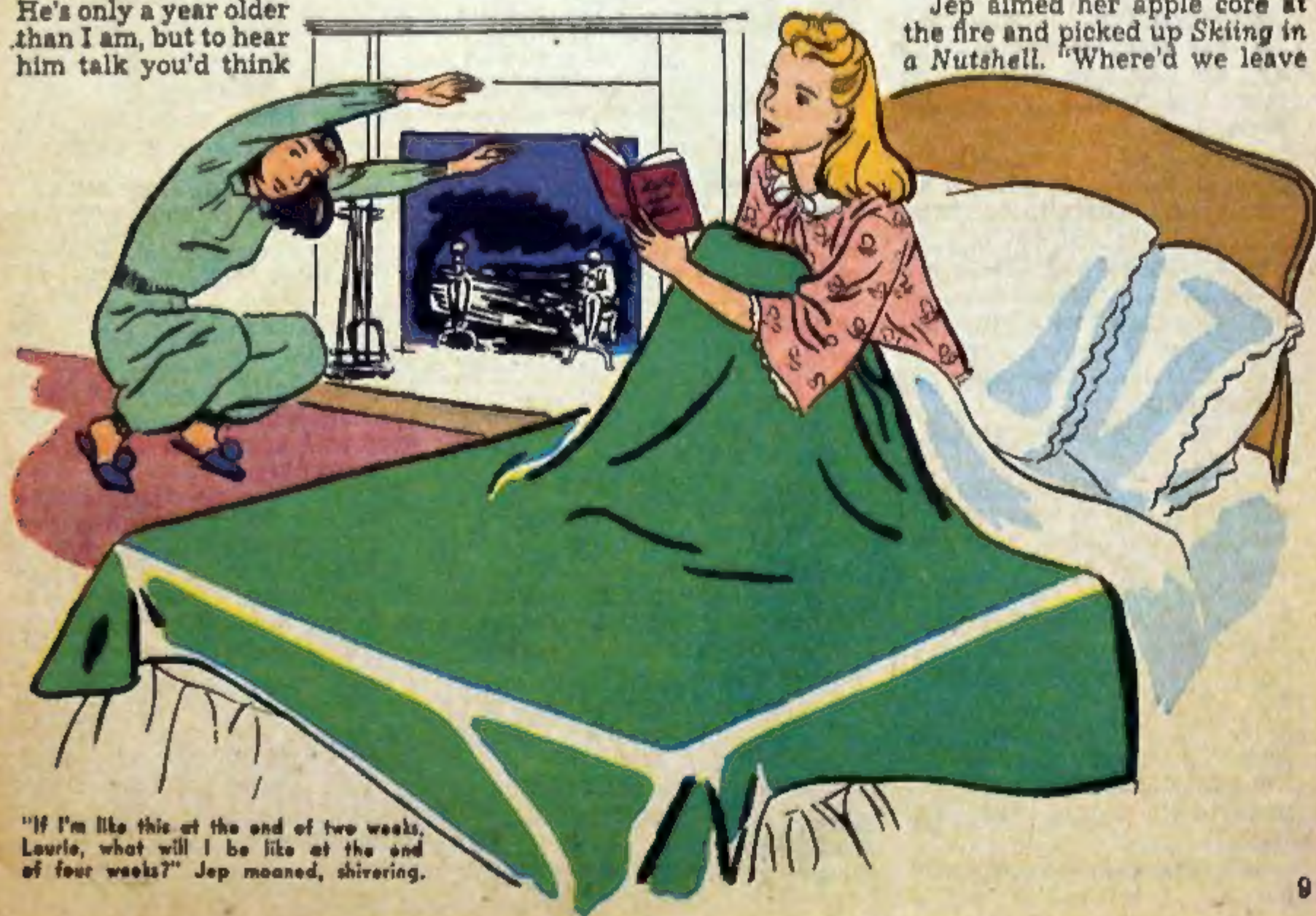
"What happened?" Laurel demanded, carefully picking the dates out of her third hermit and eating them separately.

"That's what Hump was talking about out in the garage. Oh, Laurie, it was awful when I turned those somersaults in front of everybody, and knocked out half the slalom flags. I was so lame for a week I could hardly crawl. Every time I met a sophomore in the hall, he'd grin like Boris Karloff and ask me how the slalom was going."

"When's the race going to be?"

"March 31st," Jep consulted the calendar on her father's desk. "That's just four weeks from now. And so far, not an entry except poor little Pinky Hatch for the freshmen. Laurie, I'd give half my next year's allowance to see Humphrey Prall sitting in the snow with a slalom flag between his knees and somebody else taking the trophy. But there isn't a chance!"

Jep aimed her apple core at the fire and picked up *Skiing in a Nutshell*. "Where'd we leave



"If I'm like this at the end of two weeks, Laurie, what will I be like at the end of four weeks?" Jep moaned, shivering.

off? Oh, yes; you were getting ready for the jump-turn position." Rapidly Jep thumbed over the pages. Suddenly she stopped, her dark eyes glued to the print in front of her, her breath coming in excited gasps.

"What's the matter!" Laurel couldn't quite get her teeth out of her apple.

"Chapter 5," Jep read. "The Slalom. Slalom is tricky. But if one has already learned downhill skiing and is willing to work, it can be mastered in four weeks!" Jep leaped to her feet showering hermit crumbs around her. "Laurie," she panted, "Humphrey Prall hasn't had his skis out this season. I'm going to enter for the sophomores and make him wish he'd never heard the word 'slalom.' The book says it's nothing but learning a turn called 'the parallel christiana.' And it tells exactly how to do that right here at the top of page 129!"

The next noon, Ted came in for lunch glowering like a thunderhead. "What's the idea of asking for it again?" he inquired sullenly without looking at Jep. "After the spectacle you made of yourself last year in front of six hundred people, I'd think you'd have had enough."

"I thought your class ought to have a little competition," Jep said lightly.

Early each morning Jep was up at five o'clock! Bad enough to have to get up in a freezing room two hours before daylight every morning and go through those hideous exercises. But it was worse having to do them so quietly that Ted, two doors down the hall, would never suspect.

Laurel, half asleep, trailed in from the adjoining room with a green satin comforter, propped herself up in Jep's bed and opened *Skiing in a Nutshell* to the chapter labeled "Conditioning Exercises."

"Get over by the poker stand where I can see you," she ordered. Then she read on in a stage whisper, "'Plant heels on the floor and place toes upon a book. Then crouch, thrusting knees forward.'"

Jep hitched up her green jersey



In and out, weave like a snake!
The course setters must have
had fun making it stiff.

sey pajamas, thrust out her lower lip, blew her hair out of her eyes, and did the painful limbering exercise ten times.

"Laurie," she demanded, "why did I ever get into this beastly thing? I ache from head to toe. My joints feel like cooked macaroni. Every time I stand on one leg on the bus to gain balance like the book says, I land in somebody's lap. And when I go to sleep I feel a slalom flag whanging me between the eyes. If I'm like this at the end of two weeks, what'll I be like at the end of four?"

According to Granite Harbor tradition, the steep summit of Bald Mountain was sacred to slalom. Each year at the last minute a new course was laid out to take advantage of the natural hazards. Until the take-off, the racers were not even allowed to look it over.

It was Jep who lit upon the idea of using the back of the hill behind the powder mill for practicing. At night while Ted and Humphrey Prall were out snowshoeing, Jep and Laurel filched an axe and a hatchet from the tool shed. Then, armed with Professor Hilton's

flashlight, they followed a circuitous route to Granite Hill. There they spent the evening cutting saplings.

"We'll use these instead of flags," Jep explained. "Cut them about six feet long. Tomorrow afternoon, you set up the course and I'll follow it. No matter what the weather's like, we'll practice *every single day*. I've bought wax for every kind of snow there is: new, old, corn, powder, dry, and wet. They never put off a slalom race for anything except bare ground!"

For the next two weeks, Jep and Laurel were creatures of mystery. The minute school let out, they vanished. At six-thirty they appeared for dinner looking haggard. Jep's suit was covered with snow, and usually she was limping.

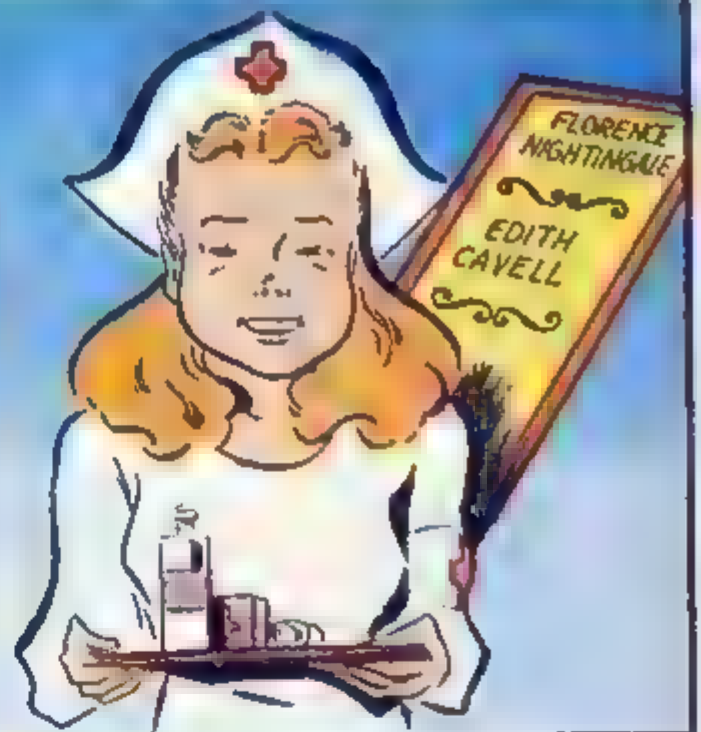
The afternoon before the race, Jep insisted, "Laurie, I've got to make it this time. We've worked so terribly hard, and I do know the parallel christy, I really do. And I can stem so as to regulate my speed to a hair. But when I try to run the course, something goes wacky."

"Keep trying anyway," Laurel encouraged, but she sounded uncertain. "Sooner or later, you're bound to see a big difference."

(Continued on page 32)

THE VICTORY CLUB

THE YORKTOWN YOUNGER
SET AIDS THE NURSES



GOING, NAN?
I AM.

OF COURSE. THEY NEED HELP BADLY.

NOTICE.
VICTORY CLUB
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VOLUNTEERING FOR
HOSPITAL AID
SERVICE REPORT
FOR TRAINING
CLASS AT
HOSPITAL
AT
3 P M

YOU'RE HERE TO ASSIST
WITH THE SIMPLER TASKS,
RELIEVING NURSES FOR
MORE IMPORTANT
WORK.

AT THE END OF THE
CORRIDOR IS THE FLOOR
NURSE'S DESK, WHERE
A LIGHT SHINES
WHEN A
PATIENT
RINGS.

AT SCHOOL THE NEXT DAY...

DON'T FORGET
DINNER AT
MY HOUSE
FRIDAY.

SURE. WE'LL
SEE YOU THROUGH
YOUR BIRTHDAY,
WALLY!

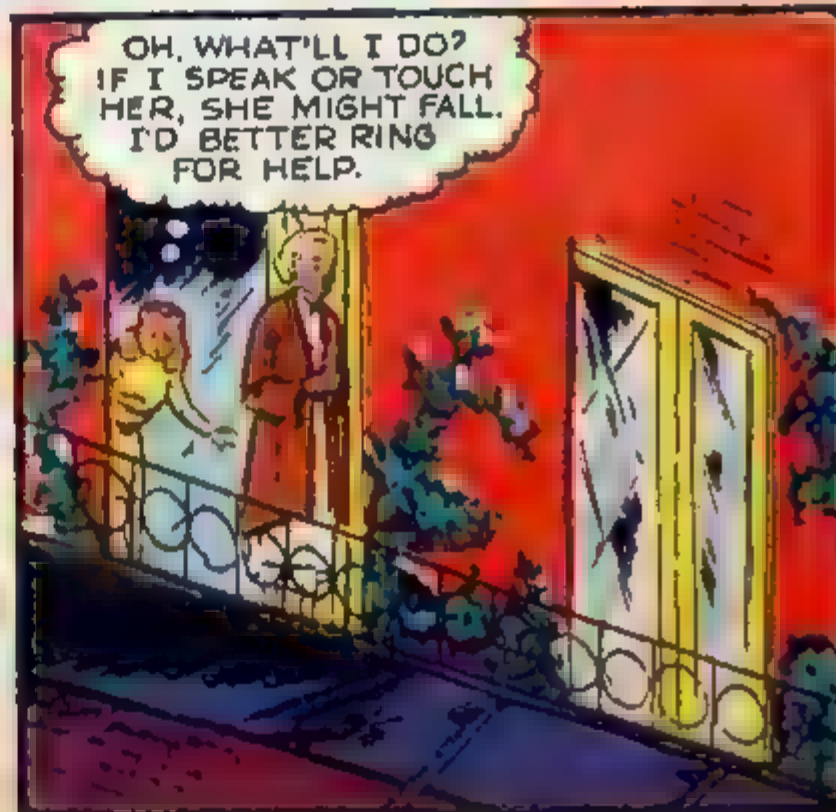
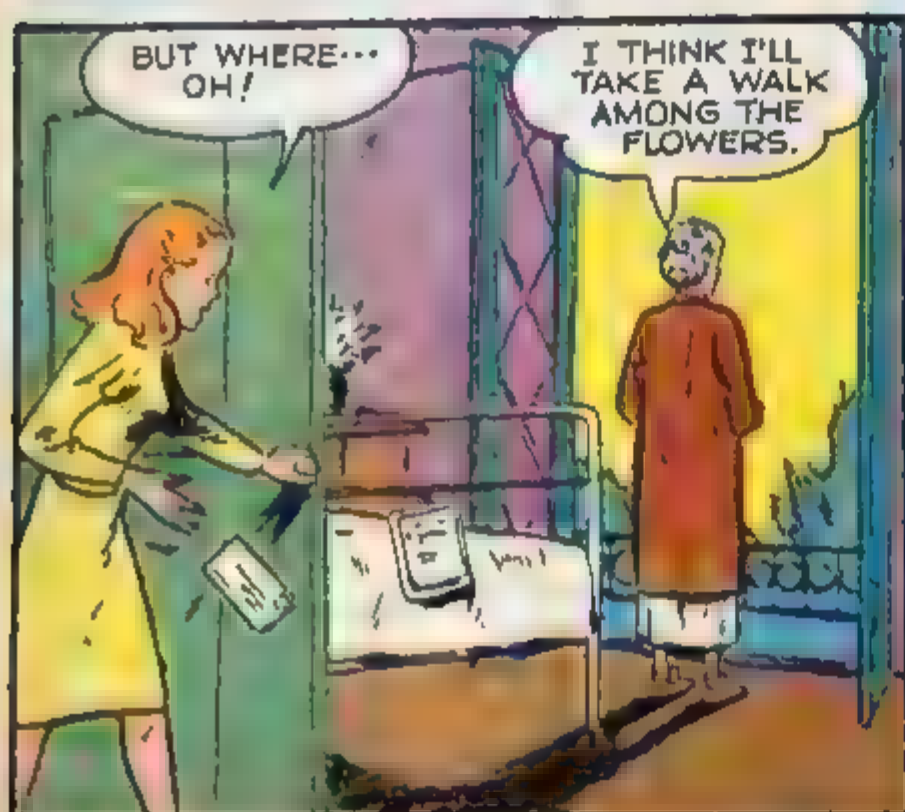
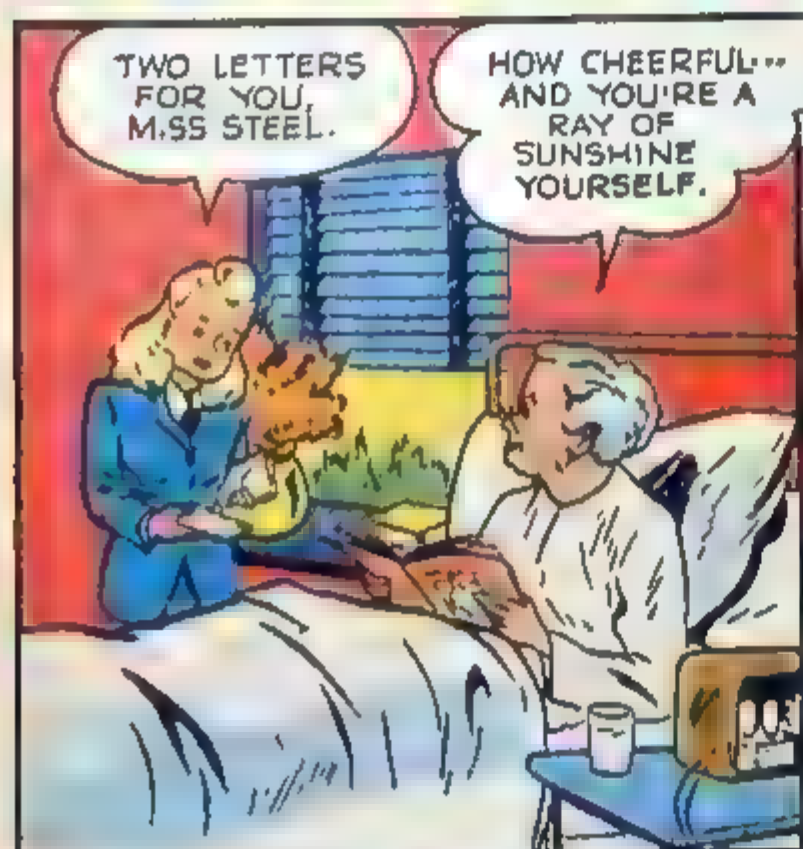
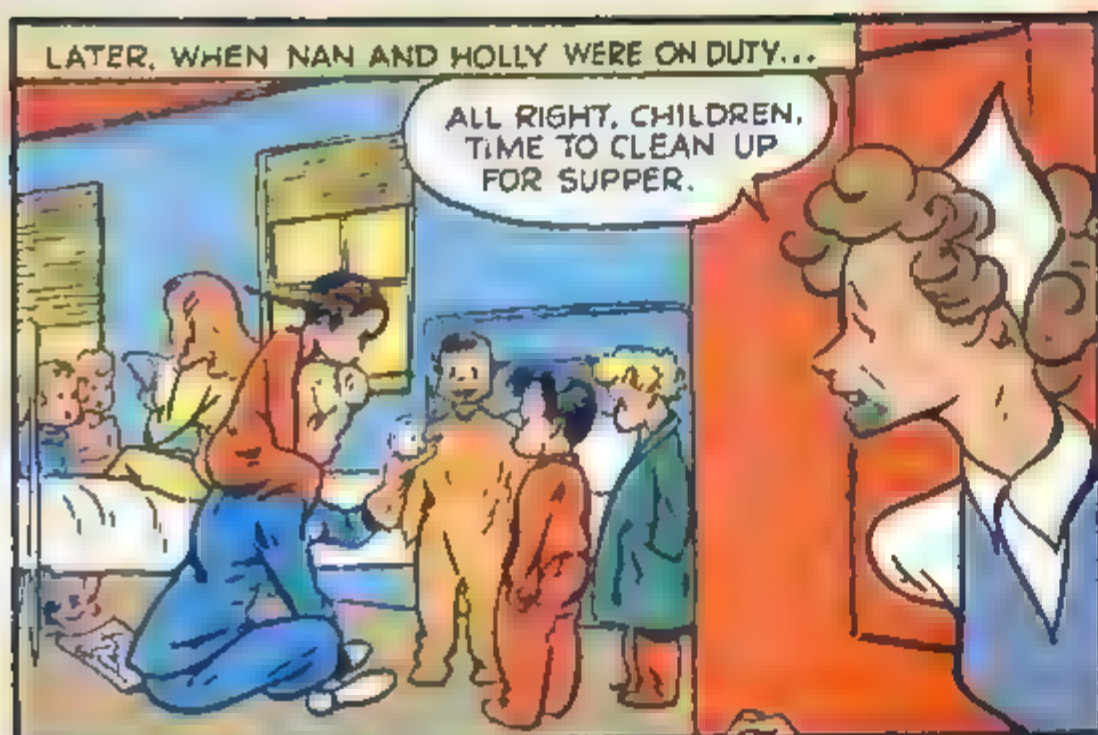
THAT'S OUR
AFTERNOON ON
DUTY AT THE
HOSPITAL, BUT
WE'LL BE THROUGH
BY SIX.

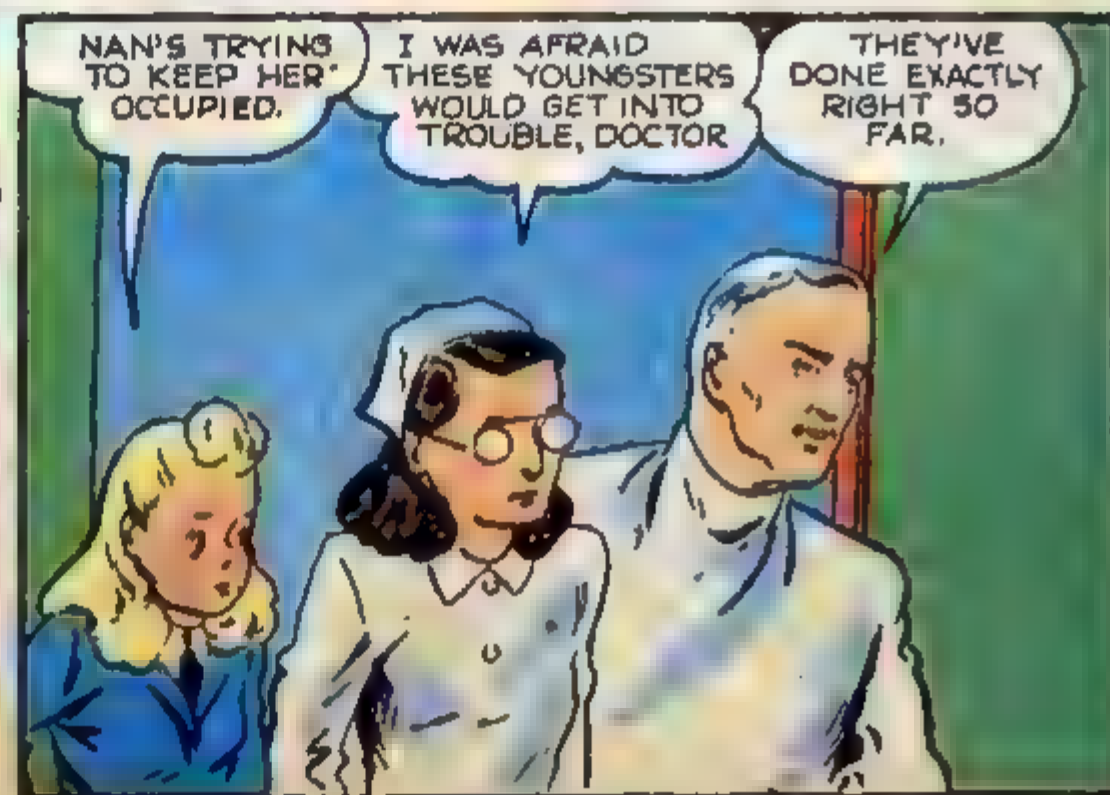
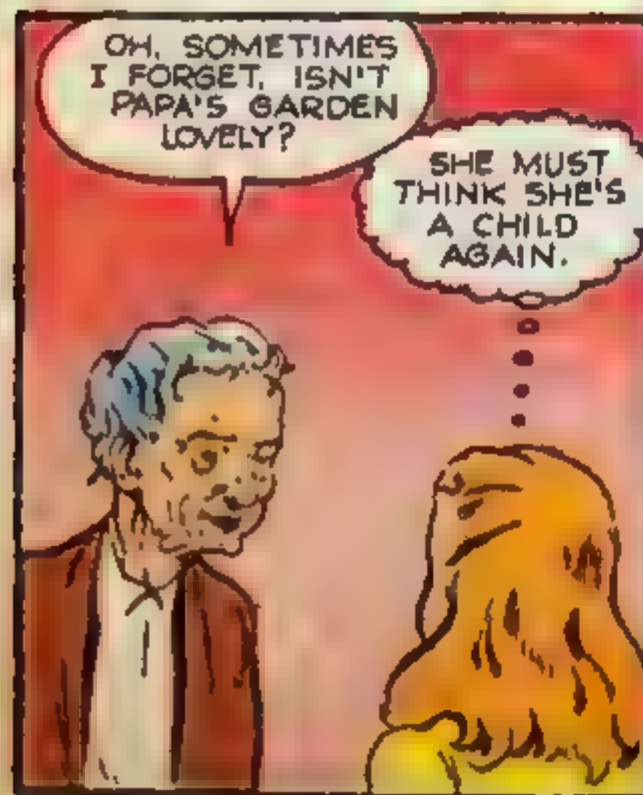
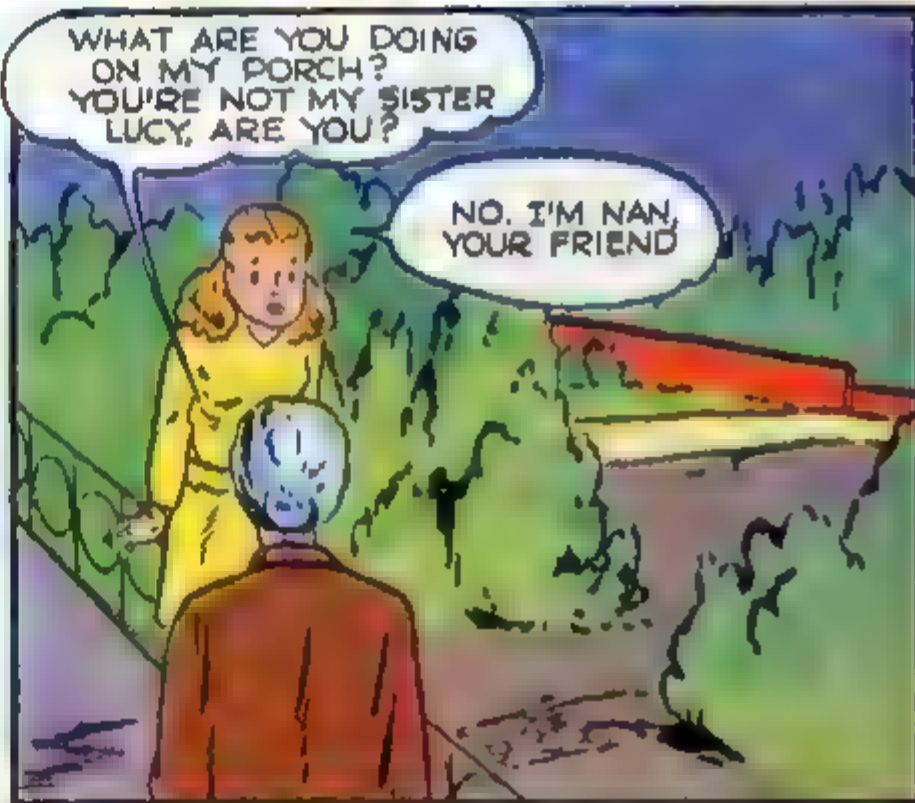
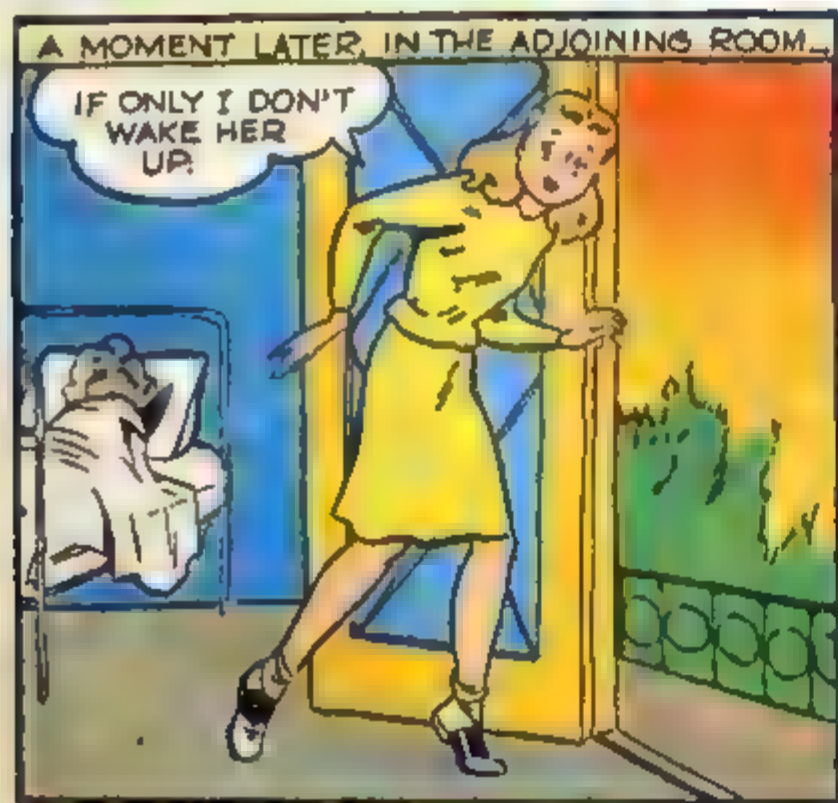
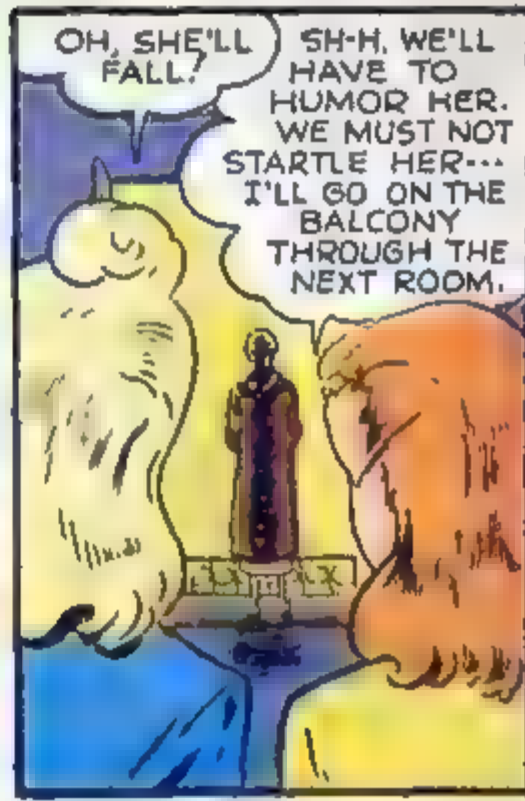
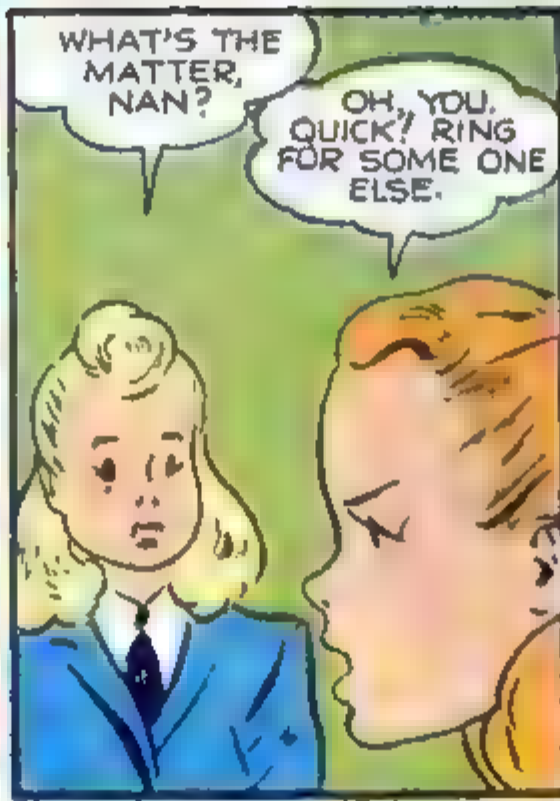
FRIDAY MORNING...

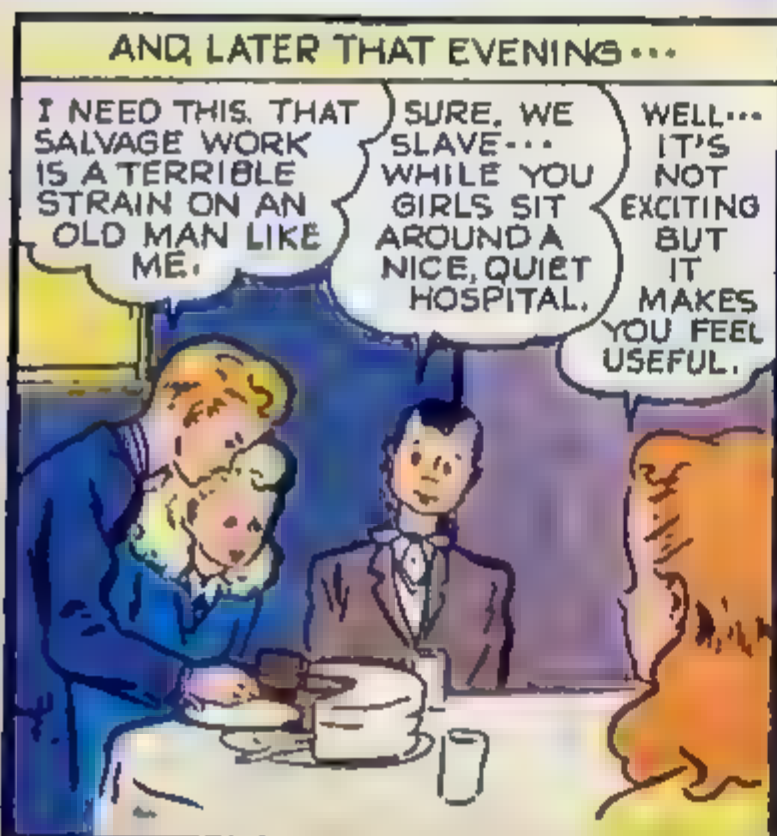
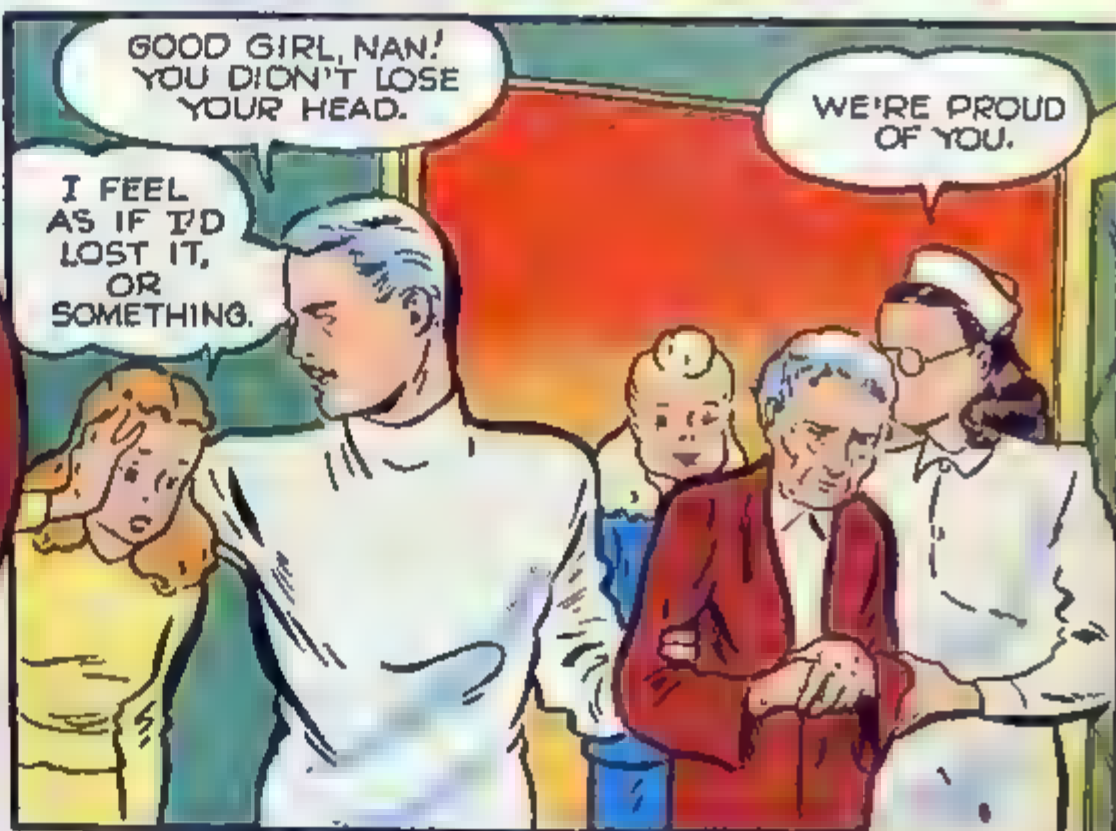
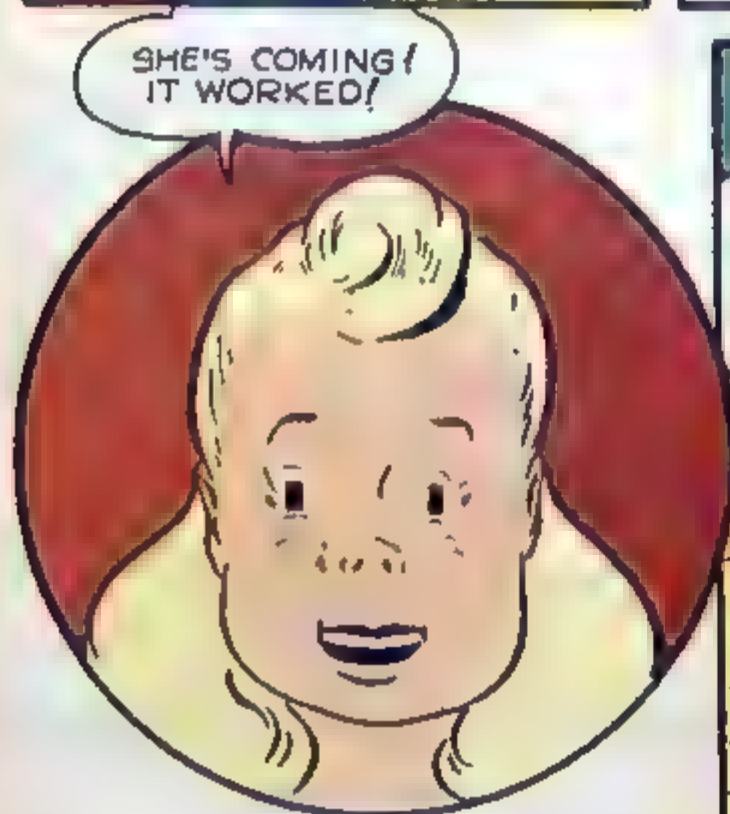
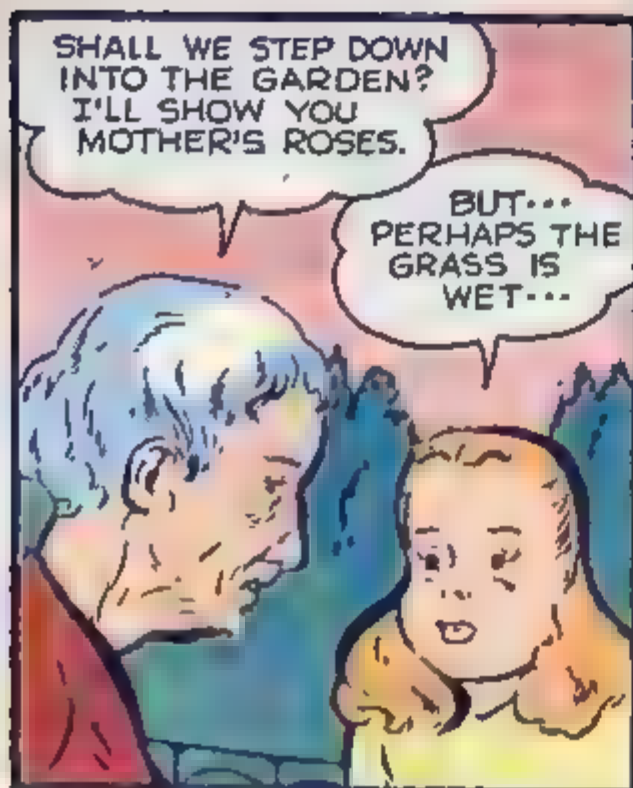
HOW WAS THE HOSPITAL
YESTERDAY,
GAIL?

WELL, NOT
EXCITING—
BUT IT
MADE
ME FEEL
USEFUL.

YES, TELL
US, TODAY'S
OUR FIRST
SHIFT.



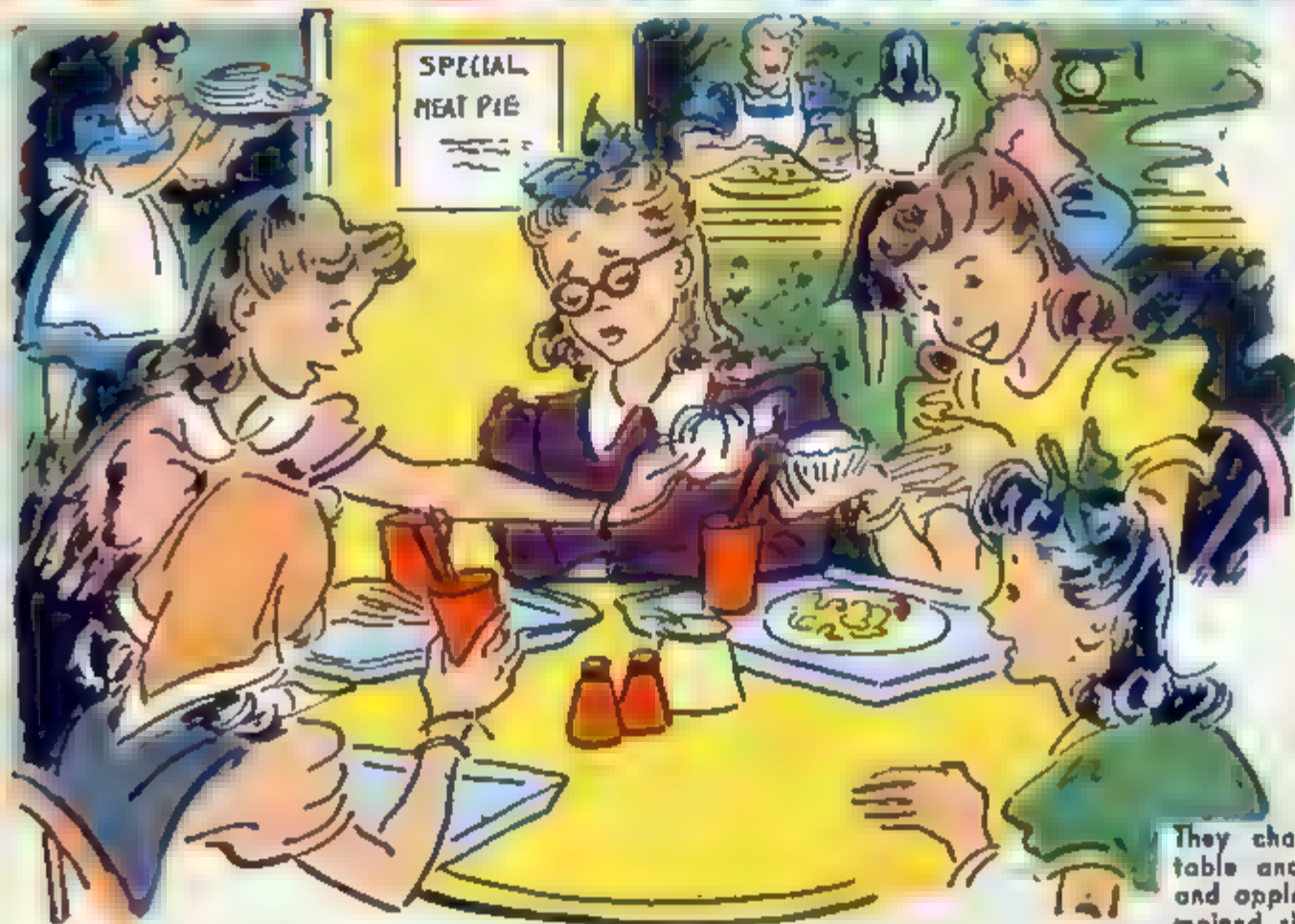




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DOUBLE OR NOTHING



They chatted across the table and traded cookies and apples, but Peggy remained silent—and lonely.

Peggy was sure that her glasses were the cause of her unpopularity, and they were—but not for the reason you think

By RUTH K. KENT
Mother and Author

PEGGY BAKER stood a little apart from the other students in the long lunch line at Cedar Hill high school. She plucked a wisp of the fuzz of her new bunny sweater from her good skirt, and adjusted her personality glasses with a nervous gesture. "Hello, Sylvia," Peggy mumbled as the most popular girl in school walked past with Ron Alder, the basketball star. Sylvia nodded, but there was no sign of recognition on her face. A scowl creased the forehead above Peggy's glasses. If Mother could see how offish the girls acted she wouldn't always be asking, "Why don't you bring some young people home? Haven't you made any friends yet? Seems to me we've been here long enough..." If Mother

would only try to understand she wouldn't have been so insistent about the glasses this morning—the horrid glasses that caused all of Peggy's troubles.

"You didn't make me wear them to the mixer last Saturday night," Peggy reminded when she coaxed to leave them at home this morning.

"I know, dear," her mother explained. "The doctor said you might leave them off once in a while—for a party, or when you play basketball. But you positively need them for school."

Peggy tried to explain about the mixer. The girls had been nice to her; so had Ron Alder. And the new boy, Bill, who lived in her block, had asked to carry her books home this evening. All that popularity because she had left off her glasses, Peggy was sure.

But Mother had stood tall and straight, and smiled. "Your glasses make you look distinguished. And they make your eyes very blue. You'll see. Today the girls will be just the same as Saturday night. Goodness, don't scowl so."

Peggy wanted to appeal to Daddy then; but since he was injured when the tanker on which he was stationed had been torpedoed, she and Mother tried never to upset him—he must get well quickly. He couldn't do anything about the glasses, Peggy reasoned, and he might just sit there in his rocker all day and fret because she was unhappy. If only she could make a few friends to bring home with her. Daddy enjoyed young people so—said they made him feel younger. And all her old friends had adored Daddy, and loved to listen to stories about his sea travels.

As she advanced a step at a time up the lunch line, Peggy longed desperately for companions. For herself, of course,

but for Daddy, too. Saturday night she thought her troubles were over, but now she knew that Saturday night was just a fairy interlude. Peggy selected a plate lunch and sat at a table with four other girls. Their greetings were informal enough, but they kept on peeling oranges and munching sandwiches. They chatted across the table and traded cookies and apples, but Peggy remained silent—and lonely. No one offered to swap an apple for her cupcake. It was the glasses, of course. Not one of these girls had to wear them. Peggy fingered them again.

She dropped the wadded cupcake paper into the waste container and walked slowly to the dressing room to wash her sticky fingers. The mirror reflected so many faces that it took a moment to find her own. Goodness, was that sour face really hers? She started curling the unruly stray locks around her ears. When she could get near the wash basin she washed her hands, then put her glasses into her purse and washed her face—it felt hot and feverish.

A strange girl next to her said, "Is it naturally curly? Imagine such luck."

The girls chattered about lucky people who didn't have to do their hair up on curlers every night.

Peggy laughed with them—one of them was a senior, too. How did it happen they were so sweet to her? Then she remembered; she hadn't put her glasses back on. It always worked that way—hide the glasses and she was popular.

Peggy almost floated into her algebra class. She was so happy that the whole world seemed to be wrapped in a rose-colored veil. Her round face was dimpled with smiles. Two girls who sat near her said, "Hi, Peg!" She smiled at them.

The boy behind her said, "Hey, got the fourth equation?"

She gave him a quick smile before Miss Stacy plunged into the lesson. Algebra seemed easy today. Miss Stacy called on Peggy twice and she recited without the usual hesitancy. And for once she didn't sense every eye in the room staring at her. Her heart pounded a happy rhythm under her Red Cross pin. Everyone seemed happy this afternoon. Even Miss Stacy smiled when she called on Peggy again. "Peggy, please explain the second equation on the board."

Peggy jumped up. " $4x$ equals . . ."

Miss Stacy interrupted. "That's $6x$. Now go on."

" $6x$ equals the sum of $4y$ and —and . . ."

"No, No. That's $8y$," Miss Stacy frowned. "Can't you read the figures? Come closer . . ." She stared at Peggy. "Oh—where are your glasses?"

The words stabbed Peggy. The beautiful rose-colored veil turned to an ugly smoke that was choking her. Without a word she took the purse from her desk and drew out the glasses. Monsters of humilia-

tion tortured her as she slid them on. The room suffocated her with stillness.

"All right. Go on," Miss Stacy said.

Peggy scowled up at the board. As she did so, something fell to the floor with a little metallic clink. She stooped, and her head bumped something hard. She reeled back, rubbing her forehead. Everyone in the room was laughing—everyone but Miss Stacy. She tapped her pencil on the desk for order. But Peggy found it hard to stop laughing at the boy behind her. He looked so funny sitting there on the floor—he had jumped up to retrieve the bow from her glasses when it fell to the floor, and they had bumped heads.

"Thanks," Peggy whispered, and Miss Stacy said, "All right now, Peggy, the equation . . ."

Peggy held the small bow toward the teacher. "It—it broke, I guess."

"So I see. Have it fixed by tomorrow, please."

Peggy slid into her seat and tried to fix her glasses. It was just a tiny pin out of the hinge, but the pin was lost. Peggy



Bill and Ren helped her collect her scattered belongings, but she felt sick with embarrassment

glared at the glasses. One thing was certain—deadly certain—she needed them, needed those two small pieces of glass in front of her eyes in order to see the blackboard. Why, she might have to follow those horrid pieces of glass all her life, and nobody would ever be friendly to her.

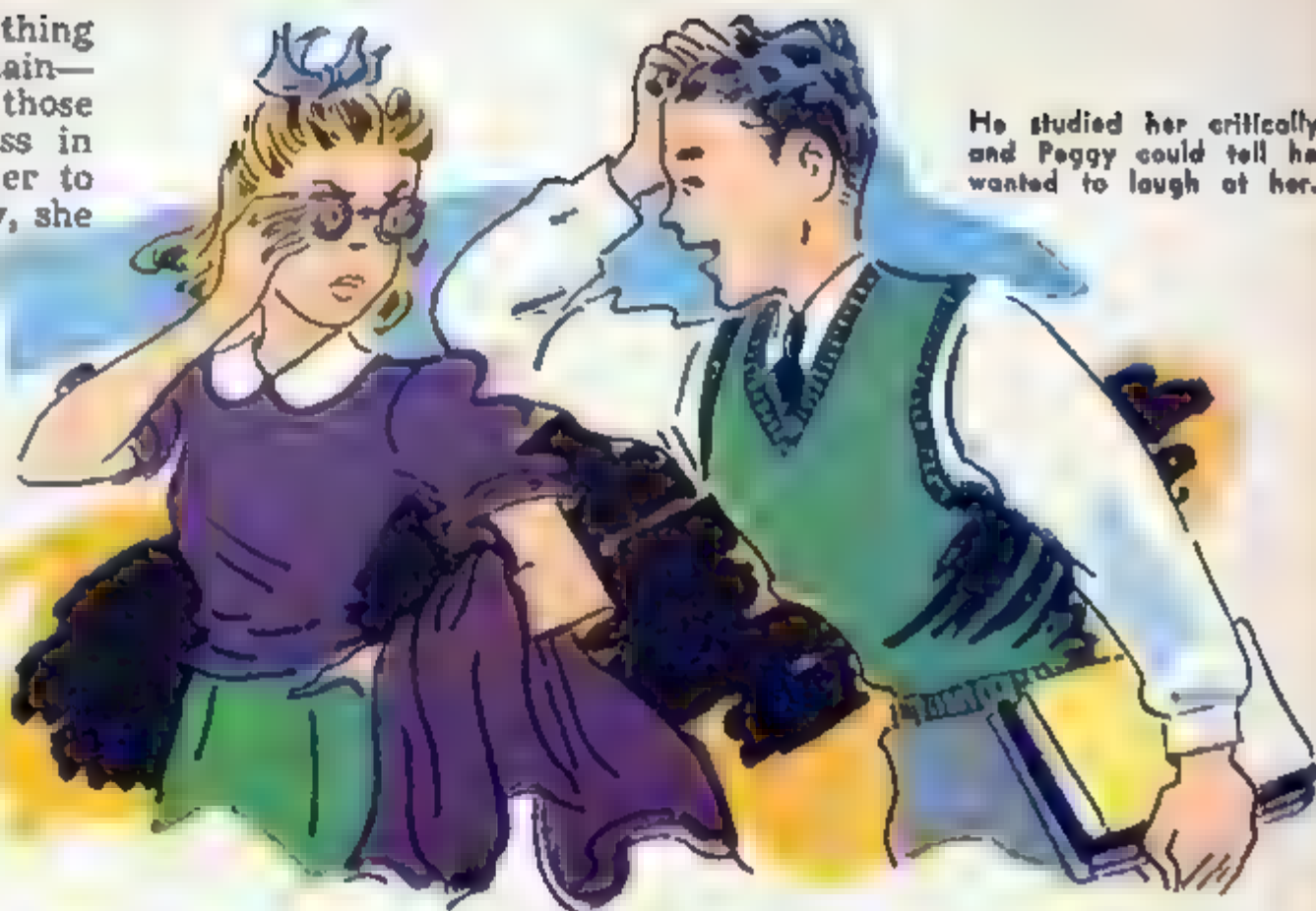
At dismissal time she walked slowly down the steps, her zipper notebook and purse under one arm, and a cardigan sweater hanging loosely from the other. She tried to keep her eyes centered straight ahead—but they would wander. Where was Bill, anyway? Now that she didn't have to wear the glasses tonight, everything was going to be just as she had dreamed it all during the weekend. It was too delicious to think about. He'd carry the notebook, the girls would see her and clamor for an introduction. And soon there'd be lots of kids to take home to Daddy. But no! How long would this triumph last?

Peggy shuddered. Not long. Tomorrow the glasses would be fixed. And she'd be wearing them—would always be wearing them because now she knew how much she needed them. And the girls would wonder why Bill didn't walk home with her any more—especially since he lived in the same block.

Where was Bill? She plumped up her curls and straightened her blue hair-bow. Bill wasn't coming—probably saw her in school this morning wearing the glasses, and was standing off some place now calling her "four-eyes." She tried to shrug away a deep hurt. "Oh well . . ."

Might as well walk real fast—not let anyone think she was lingering. Suddenly her notebook was jerked from under her arm. "Hi, Peg. Are you trying to run away from me?"

She laughed at Bill. He'd been running, and now was



trying to catch up with his breath. "Oh," she smiled, "I did promise to meet you, didn't I?"

"Well—sure."

She stole a glance up at him as they walked along. He seemed taller today. His hair was almost as curly as hers. And he had a nice grin when he wanted to use it.

Bill kicked at the grass along the edge of the walk. They walked half a block, then he said, "I'm building a boat in our basement."

"Bill," she exclaimed, "you aren't really? All alone? Wonderful. Tell me about it."

He took a deep breath. "She isn't very big, but you ought to see her. Boy, she's a honey if I ever saw one. Only—well, this is my first try and I get stuck once in a while and have to rip out."

"Sort of like knitting," she laughed. "But—I've an idea."

They passed Sylvia and some other girls, and Sylvia said, "Hello there," to Peggy. Peggy beamed at them. Then to Bill, "I thought maybe . . ." No, she couldn't be so obvious—it'd sound awful.

"What?" He was making his shoulders a little stooped to catch her words.

"Wondering—well . . ." She had to swallow twice. "Well—my dad knows all about boats.

He's sailed all his life until the—the torpedo. Now he just rides in a rocking chair."

She always felt a tightening in her chest when she talked about Daddy. Now she didn't dare look up at Bill. She was glad he didn't answer for a minute. Then he said, "Gee—that's right? Boy! Maybe—naw, I couldn't bother him."

"He'd love to see you," she gasped. Heavens, that sounded too eager. "I mean it's good for him when someone comes in and talks to him. Especially about ships—Mother and I aren't very good seamen."

"Gee . . ." Bill gasped again and went into a sort of trance.

Someone across the street called, "Hello there!"

"Who was that?" Bill asked.

Peggy tried to make out. There were people across there, and houses, she could tell that, but they all seemed to have fuzzy outlines. "I—I . . ." Now how was she going to tell him she couldn't see over there without her glasses? Put them on—that would explain everything, and spoil everything. Reluctantly she toyed with the catch on her purse.

"It sounded like Ron Alder," Bill said. "Let's go over and see. But heck, he was calling to you. Bet you're the most popular girl in school."

Peggy's cheeks felt like ripe tomatoes. Blushes are awful—you can't practice them in front of a mirror. "What makes you think that?"

"Ha—with that smile! If you aren't, you ought to be. Watch out for the curb."

They stepped into the street. Then, without warning, Peggy felt herself bumped to the pavement. She heard a lot of shouting as she stumbled back to the curb. She rubbed her arm—it felt skinned—then someone helped her to her feet.

"I—what . . ." She looked at the crowd gathering around. "What happened?"

Bill was brushing dust from her skirt; Ron Alder handed her the sweater and her purse. "Are you hurt?" Questions flew at her. She bent her knees and her elbows. Then, sick with embarrassment, she turned to them. "I'm all right. But what happened?"

A blustering man stepped in front of her. "Can't you see a bicycle coming down a street? I'll admit I was coming fast, but I'd swear you looked right at me before you got in the way."

"I—I didn't see you," Peggy said. "That is, I guess I thought you were farther to one side."

Bill took her arm. "Come on, let's go."

He sounded cross. She'd made him feel foolish in front of all these people. She felt dazed as they walked along. What did this all add up to? Glasses—that was it. She'd have to tell now. Right away. She opened the catch. Would he laugh at her, make fun of her? Not now, perhaps—but surely later.

"Sure you aren't hurt?" he broke the silence. "Gee—it was all my fault."

She didn't look at him, just

shook her head. "It was really my fault. I didn't see that bike coming from a distance. I . . ." She pulled the glasses from her purse and hooked them on as well as she could. "I'm—supposed to wear these."

She kept her eyes firmly on the toe of her moccasin as she dragged it along a crack in the sidewalk.

WHO STOPS TO TALK WITH TREES

By ENID KASTOR
Sixteen Years Old

Who stops to talk with trees and wind
Must love the wilder ways
Of beast, and bird, of moon and stars,
Of ocean, lakes, and bays.
Who stops to hold some verdant moss,
Wet, in a tight-clenched hand,
Who stops to watch a bead-eyed snake
Must love the mountain land.
Who stops to see a storm sweep by
And hear the whisper of a cloud
Sweep low across the mountain top,
Then thunder in the valley loud,
Must love the green and black-boughed pines,
Must love the wind's forsaken song,
Must love the moonlight's haunting beams
Casting shadows, black and long.
Not many stop to talk with trees,
Not many with the sky converse,
For mountain tongues are difficult,
Like poetry, yet not in verse.
The burbling brook, the shining spring,
An orchestra in rhyme.
The wind is waltzing with the leaves
And keeping perfect time.
The rain walks by on silver feet,
Pit pat . . . then pitter patter,
The drops slide down the wind-bent boughs
And spill their idle chatter.
Who stops to talk with bird and trees
Must love the magic mountain ways
Of God and immortality,
Of lonesome nights and lonely days.

He nudged her. "Hey—let's see you."

He wanted to laugh, she could tell. She lifted her face slowly and glared back at him. He studied her critically. A frown creased his forehead. He shook his head. Peggy flushed with resentment—who'd have thought he'd be so rude? She wanted to run, to get home be-

fore the tears started to come. "Nope, that'll never do," he said.

Don't run, Peggy told herself, don't run away. Face him.

"Look at you," he went on. "Gee, you look mad. As if you were going to bite off somebody's head. Do you always screw your face up that way when you put on your glasses? I can hardly recognize you."

He imitated her, and looked so funny that she laughed.

"There," he said. "Now you look swell. Some kids look silly in goggles, but you look swell—when you're not mad, that is."

"You—you don't mind them?" she puzzled.

"Not with that smile. On you they're all right. But on me . . ." He kicked at the walk a couple of times, shifted her notebook to the other arm, then hauled a pair of smeary horn-rimmed glasses from his pocket and put them on. His face flushed, and he smiled wistfully. "I'm supposed to wear 'em, too. But I thought the kids at Cedar Hill might like me better—well, without them."

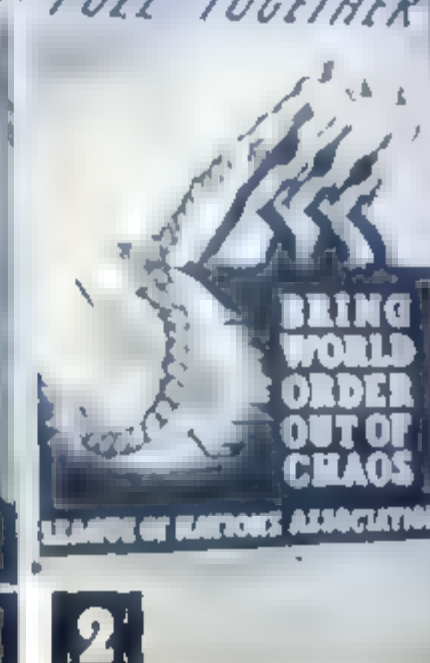
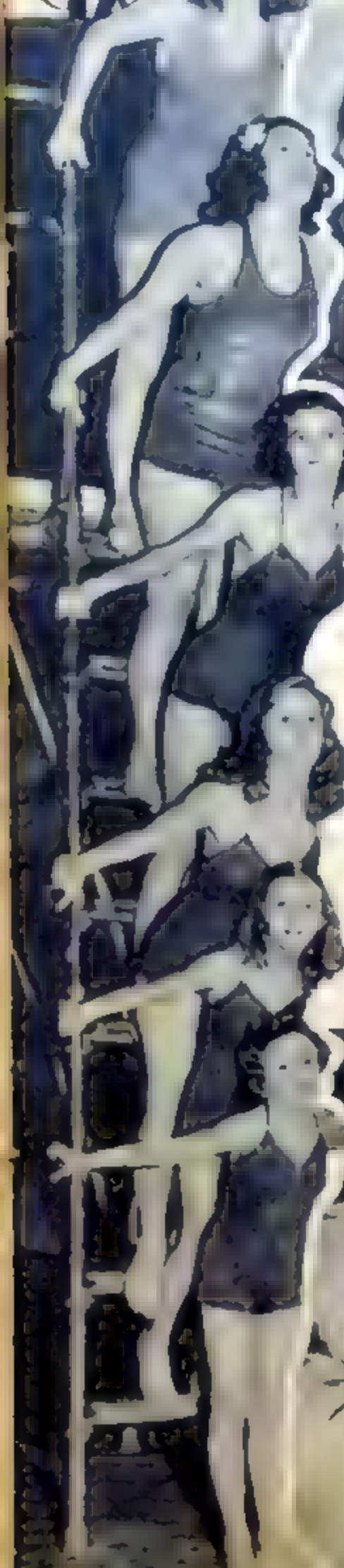
They both laughed, then he said, "Here's your house."

He seemed reluctant to hand over her notebook.

"You—you look distinguished," Peggy said. But she knew that was small consolation. Bill shifted her notebook again. The lines in his face spelled unhappiness—what wretched

unhappiness Peggy knew only too well. She looked toward the house. "Oh, there's Daddy. Please," she went on impulsively, "please come in and talk to Daddy a little while."

"Gee—sure," Bill tripped over his own foot as they walked up the steps. "And maybe—do you 'spose you could come for a coke with me afterwards?"



Water babies. Swimming is a family affair for the Lawson girls, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The sisters are a swimming sextette that threatens to be a record breaker. Reading up the ladder they are: Marilyn, Dorothy, Edna, Joan, Betty, and Kay. The girls are members of the New York Women's Swimming Association. *International News Photo*

- 1. The Major and the minor.** Famous author-flyer Major Alexander de Seversky shakes the hand that handed out \$262.00 worth of Stamps and Bonds in two hours at a rally in Times Square, New York City. Junior high student Elsie Reardon discovered she could sell War Savings Bonds and Stamps as well as buy them. *World Telegram Photo*
- 2. Poster girl.** Not many girls have had their work exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Sylvia Steinberg, Brooklyn, N. Y., high school student, had that honor when her poster took first prize in the contest, "Winning the Peace," sponsored by the League of Nations Association.
- 3. Hero's daughter.** Ann Clark is proud of her famous dad, Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark, the hero who laid the groundwork for the invasion of Africa. In her Washington, D. C., sculpture class, Ann's skillful fingers model a bust of the fighting general. She's really catching his features. *Press Association Photo*
- 4. Modern China.** No more bound feet for the girls of our great ally. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek organized the San Man Chu Youth Corps, to which these girls belong. Besides physical culture, the Corps members are given political and scientific training. The Corps has more than 400,000 members in Free China. *Paul Guttmutter, Photo*



So you want to start a



By HELEN CIANCIMINO
Associate Editor

OF COURSE you want to start a club! The get-together urge is as old as the urge to sing and dance and laugh. But today especially there's a sharing, helping spirit in the air and a surge of friendliness that's as American as a barbecue.

But how do you form a club, you ask. For a starter, all you need are the urge and good will plus. Then consider these *get-on-the-mark* points:

1. **Membership.** You can have a neighborhood club, or a club of the gang in your class, or a club to help new young people in town to meet everyone. Will you have a girls' club, or one for girls and boys? You'll decide how big you want your club to be. Sometimes it's harder for a large group to meet and to keep active.

2. **Kind of club.** Do you want a special club where you ride your hobby—camera, roller skating, art, music, or collecting? Or a general club for all kinds of activities?

Now you want to *get ready*. You round up the members-to-be and agree on these points:

1. **Where to meet.** You can meet at a different member's house each time, or at the house of one member whose family boasts a rumpus room, or maybe some club room the town has available. On this point, you take your family into consideration, as well as the size of the club.

2. **When to meet.** This means allowing for study nights, early-to-bed nights, nights when there are other conflicting goings-on. Weekends will probably be your best bet and once-a-week meetings ought to be enough.

3. **Officers.** Usually club officers consist of president, vice president,



Experiment with hair-dos at one meeting and all exchange helpful suggestions.

treasurer, and secretary. Other officers will depend on the kind of club you plan. Here is where you decide length of office, number of terms one person can hold office—one term is safest—method of election, and duties of office.

4. **Dues.** Dues can be a nuisance and you may decide to skip them. If you want them, fix an amount that everyone can afford, maybe five cents a month. Decide where to keep the money, how you will agree on what it will be used for, and in general what it should be used for.

Get set!

1. Draw up a do's and don't's sheet that will save the club from falling apart, come the first disagreement. This will cover penalties for not attending meetings, falling behind on dues, skipping your share of work; methods for running meetings in an orderly manner, so that the member with the loudest voice won't have the biggest say, for settling disputes—maybe in a judge and jury manner. It will make clear what is expected of each member and how work and responsibility will be evenly divided. In other words, it will be a kind of club guidebook.

2. You may decide to have a senior adviser—a mother, older sister, or teacher. A guiding light with whom you can consult regarding new projects and how to carry them out.

3. Instead of keeping the usual dull club minutes, have a club diary-scrapbook. In it will go pictures of all the members and a biography of each, including their hobbies, their pet sports, studies, peeves. In it, too, go a copy of the club do's and don't's, a list of

Want to know the way to form a club, what to do, and how to do it? Here are lots of ideas to start your club with a bang and to keep it rolling



Have a "wardrobe problems" session and turn it into a streamlined sewing bee.

your officers with dates of office. Then you add descriptions of everything you do, invitations, programs.

Now, go! Suppose you decided to have a special club devoted to one hobby or interest. Try to include only people who will be really interested in that hobby. Here are some starters for you:

1. Collect all the material about your hobby that you can find. And that means members will comb the library, the museum, the school; write to any agencies that might have material, go through magazines, dig up authorities on the subject. You might happen on a relative, a teacher, or a town grocer who shares your hobby.

2. At club meetings, everybody tells what she dug up and you all discuss it. How about a file of what you collect that all members can use?

3. Collect any equipment you need. All the members contribute what they have and you use your heads to get the rest.

4. Plan trips in a group—all-

day excursions that are tied in with your hobby. You'll discover new places you never dreamed existed.

5. Have one big club project in connection with your hobby that will be your goal for the season.

You don't have a special hobby or interest? Then your club is a general club and the sky is the limit. Why not make it a **CALLING ALL GIRLS'** club and use the magazine as a guide to your monthly activities, letting its articles furnish you with ideas for things to do, sew, cook, make, see, and discuss? You can't do all these things at one time, but the fun is in choosing what you like best and concentrating on it.

1. Make club beauty charts, one to a member, of weight, height, coloring—of hair, eyes, and complexion—hands, and nails. Each member lists the help she wants. First things coming first, each decides on the most urgent to work on and all exchange helpful suggestions. If no one in the group

has any ideas, write for information or get books on the subject. Experiment with hairdos at one meeting and with colors and styles at another. Each member charts herself and gets rated on her improvement at meetings.

2. Why not posture clinics at which you analyze the way every member stands, sits, and walks, and suggest changes to correct camel humps, duck waddles, snake hips, and kangaroo hops?

3. Have a "wardrobes problems" session and cook up ideas for reviving tired dresses and for keeping clothes shipshape. It could even turn into a streamlined sewing bee.

4. Take turns reading aloud as though you were having a radio audition and test your voice range from "I'd love to go, John!" to "I flunked algebra, Dad."

5. Make one meeting a clearing house for etiquette problems, and that covers everything from what to do with the olive pit to what to say when

There's no limit to club outings. Get the gang together and pretend you are tourists and go exploring. Ferret out that legend behind Balanced Rock.



Oscar holds your hand. Pool experiences, learn from one another's mistakes, bring out the secret fear that haunts you and watch it be solved. Your club can lead the way in matters of style and date lines.

6. Make-believe-ballroom meetings are in the groove. Practice new dances and take turns leading and following—good dancers can do both. Teach one another steps. Get a member's-eye view of you when you dance.

7. You can make gadgets for yourself, for gifts, for party favors, or to take to the hospital for the children in the wards. You might have a contest: each girl to bring in an original gadget and the best to be sent to CALLING ALL GIRLS. Maybe you'll win a dollar for your treasury. Holiday decorations are fun to make, too.

8. Or how about playing house on a grown-up scale? Arrange to have the use of a kitchen with the agreement that you will leave it as spick and span as you find it. Contribute ingredients, and try your hands at your favorite

recipes. The cookies and candy you turn out would make welcome packages for brothers, cousins, uncles, and friends in the service. Or plan a party menu, and test one recipe on it at each meeting. Make invitations and plot an original party program. As your project of the month, let your club be hostess to the other girls and boys you know with you doing all of the work.

9. If you need funds for such projects, dream up club money-making events. Sell the gadgets that you make or the cookies or the candy. Make handkerchiefs with tatting or trick aprons or crazy quilts and sell them. How about an odd-jobs month for the club with each member seeing how much she can earn by doing odd jobs? And if yours is a CALLING ALL GIRLS' club—or even if it isn't—you can earn your extras by selling subscriptions and watch the club treasury grow!

10. There's no limit to club outings. Swimming in summer, skating and sledding in winter. The club spirit pro-

vides shared equipment and coaching for form. For hiking trips, pack your own lunches. Your menu, and maybe mounted samples of wild life, will go into the scrapbook along with a lively description of the day's expedition. Or pretend you are tourists in your town or city and go exploring monuments, museums, and historical places. Ferret out the legend behind Balanced Rock or the empty mansion decaying on the edge of town. To a girl in Timbuctoo, a visit to your town would be an exciting adventure. Use your imagination.

11. Most families these days get letters from England, India, Iceland, Australia, or Africa, and every day in the news you hear about strange, faraway places in Russia, Europe, South America. It's fascinating to read books about these distant lands, to learn their customs. Dress dolls in the costumes of each country and try cooking a special dish of each of these countries. Take imaginary trips and plan all that you'd see—who knows but someday you'll

(Continued on page 37)



Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

AIRING problems usually bring comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (and they won't be printed), a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Every time my friends come over, my nine-year-old sister comes into the room and starts asking silly questions and generally "showing off." No matter how nicely I ask her to leave, she will not do it. I beg my mother to do something about it but she says she can't. Please tell me what I can do to break my sister of this habit.—Elaine H., aged 16, California.

ELAINES letter certainly shows a good spirit. It is obvious that she wants to solve her problem in a kindly, considerate way and is eager to help her sister learn to behave appropriately as well as to improve conditions for herself when she entertains.

When we have guests in our homes, we want to make their stay pleasant and enjoyable. There are family guests, those who come to visit Mother and Dad, and guests who are special friends of individuals in the home. Elaine's younger sister will have to learn who is whose company—and when! And also what part various members of the household may play when outsiders are visiting or being entertained.

Perhaps Elaine's sister could share her sister's guests for just a short time, or she might come in to help at "serving something" time; and then she should know when it is time to excuse herself and go about her own affairs. Children are interested in family friends, and Elaine would not want her sister to be deprived of the chance to get to know as many nice people as

possible—young and old—for this will help her to understand people and how one behaves toward them.

When Elaine's sister has guests, Elaine herself can try to be helpful and share the responsibility of seeing to it that a good time is had by them. We know one young girl who always took part in planning and carrying out her younger brother's parties—games, refreshments, and all. And when she, in turn, had her friends, her little brother knew it was only turn-about-and-fair-play to be as understanding as possible about their needs and desires.

I have been told by a friend that I possess an inferiority complex. This naturally was a blow but nevertheless I was glad to find this out before I grew any older. I have been trying to find a cure but so far have been unsuccessful. Perhaps you can help solve my problem.—Lois M., aged 14, New York.

LOIS doesn't tell us just how her friend made this discovery about her. We wonder whether her "inferiority complex" can be so very bad, since she didn't seem to know anything about it!

Words like these really sound much more frightening than they are. They are intended, when used seriously, for specialists who know exactly what they mean—and when they should be used.

It should be reassuring to Lois to know that most girls have their ups and downs, their

doubts and misgivings about such things as looks, personality, character, and even brains! If they are managing their everyday lives—at home, in school, and among friends—with a normal degree of ease and success, they really need not worry about being a hundred per cent perfect at all times—in self-assurance, poise, and certainty—about all things. Very few of us are.

Of course, if a girl were to find herself doing a great deal of worrying and doubting and were unable to make choices, arrive at any decision, or get along with others, she should have help in solving these difficulties. Lois doesn't seem to feel greatly handicapped in these ways; in fact, she sounds as if she is quite a normal, healthy, reasonably happy, busy young lady. Confidence and even more power to her in making the most of her opportunities, abilities, and interests and in successfully reaching that "goal"!

(Continued on page 34)

We like to show off our little sisters, but not as show-offs.



With sparkling eyes and an infectious grin, Marcy wins everyone on the RKO lot—from extras to executives

HOLLYWOOD hasn't tried to glamorize Marcy McGuire. Her red hair still flames, her freckles stand out boldly, and her grin is the same cheerful one that helped win her a movie contract. Marcy's as Irish as the shamrock and her eyes sparkle with fun. You just can't help laughing with her!

She started out in life as Marcy McGuire in Kansas City, Kansas, and she's been keeping things lively about her ever since. Marcy describes herself as a "noisy character," but her kind of noise is the noise of chuckles, giggles, laughter, guffaws, and that's why people have always loved having her around.

Marcy shares her birthday with George Washington and she says it has had a lasting effect on her. She can't tell a lie! She can't even embroider a tale without getting red under her freckles. When her publicity agents go a little high flown about their new star and write her up in glowing phrases, Marcy spoils the effect by telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth in personal interviews.

When Marcy was five, she and her mother moved to Des Moines, Iowa, to live with an uncle there. Marcy's mother, who is young and attractive, was a singer and voice teacher before she married and so she couldn't resist teaching her young daughter. Marcy had so much energy that she was given dancing lessons, too; and because she showed signs of being a mimic from a very early age, dramatic coaching was added to the list.

Marcy was just fourteen when she heard about a "St. Louis Blues" contest that was being sponsored by a motion picture company. She decided to enter it and did. All she had to do



Red Hair and

And they are taking Marcy McGuire places! She's the new singing comedienne who's being hailed as a female Mickey Rooney

By LYNNE D. PENNINGTON
Movie Writer

was sing a song, and she delivered it with such gusto that she won. But the motion picture company promptly forgot her! Red-headed Marcy McGuire is not one to be easily discouraged. She wasn't going to let herself be forgotten, so she sang before women's clubs, her classes at school, at banquets and conventions—anywhere she could get an audience to listen.

But she wanted bigger worlds to conquer. Marcy worked on

her mother for permission to go to Chicago and finally wore down her protests. In June, 1941, Marcy and her mother landed in the windy city.

When Marcy got her break singing with a Chicago band, she had to wear formal gowns so that she'd look older. She made such a hit in her singing role that Marcy thought that would be her future. That is, until the night RKO Radio's talent scout, Arthur Willi, heard her. Was he impressed? So

much so that he wired Producer Tim Whelan to look her up on his way through Chicago.

When Mr. Whelan told Marcy that she ought to be in pictures, she wrinkled her Irish, freckled

"Don't kid me, mister," she said. "Hollywood's for glamour girls. I look like Mickey Rooney."

Tim Whelan, who is Irish himself, made a face right back at her. "Mickey Rooney has

camp. Six months passed and she had given up even a lurking hope that anything would ever come of her screen test. The Caravan had reached Texas when Marcy received a wire urging her to rush to Hollywood. A contract was waiting, and a part! Marcy rushed. By plane and train she made her way to the film capital. When she was handed her lines and songs, she found out that she was to play the part of Lucille

The girl was really good!

"She's a female Mickey Rooney," the director said. "I'm going to give her another song and I'm going to 'fatten' her part."

And that's what he did. Marcy had lots of acting, dancing, and singing to do and she made good. Marcy's next picture will be "Look Out Below," with Joan Leslie and Fred Astaire.

Marcy needs that energy of hers that never runs down. She's going to school on the RKO lot, continuing her other lessons, rehearsing lines and songs, and singing for service men. She still finds time for her favorite sports—tennis, swimming, and ice skating—and for her old friends, for she's still the same Marcy McGuire.

You'll be seeing more and more of this five-foot, 104-pounds of dynamite with the fiery-red hair and glowing, freckled complexion. And she's bound to sing, dance, act, and laugh her way into your heart.

Marcy walks to rehearsal with her mother. Marcy goes to school, too, and sings at entertainments for servicemen on leave.



done all right in Hollywood," he retorted.

And that's how Marcy got her first screen test. But it wasn't like the tests you hear about. Nothing happens to Marcy the way it's supposed to. Her screen test was a silent test. Mr. Whelan told her to keep talking, to say anything at all. So Marcy said "Mary had a little lamb" over and over! The test and Mr. Whelan went to Hollywood and Marcy forgot them. She had had one experience with motion picture companies and, anyway, she figured that Hollywood was a place you read about in movie magazines.

After that, Marcy went on tour with the Camel Caravan, entertaining at the military

Ball's annoying sister in "Seven Days' Leave."

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to see yourself on the screen? When Marcy saw herself on the screen, she broke down and cried. "You see," explained the usually cheerful red head, "they had promised to remove all my freckles but it was no use. You could tell by looking at me that I was just the kind of girl to have freckles. Short fat nose, and rather ambitious teeth—you know the type!"

But that wasn't the studio's reaction. At the end of the first day of shooting a company executive looked over her "rushes." He saw the sparkle in her brown eyes, the catching grin.



THE HAUNTED APARTMENT

By MARGARET SUTTON

Author of "Judy Bolton Mystery Stories" and "Jemima: Daughter of Daniel Boone"

"If you come in," Sue warned, "Mrs. Draeger will never believe we weren't having a party."

THE STORY UP TO NOW

The four motherless Barry sisters were disturbed by the news that their father, an author, planned to marry a woman who, the Harper boys said, was a terror. Sue, head of the house during their father's absence, longed, as did the three younger girls, for the return of their friend Aunt Annie who used to live in the next apartment. Mrs. Draeger, the superintendent's wife, accused the girls of having parties late at night. The girls insisted they were innocent, but the tenants heard dancing, singing, and weird music. Books and manuscripts disappeared from the Barry apartment, and so did the girl's pet canary. Pam wrote Dad a letter, but Sue would not permit her to write of their troubles. An old couple reported they had seen Aunt Annie's dead husband entering the Harper apartment with another man. Meanwhile the weird music continued and strange tappings were heard on the walls. Aunt Annie had the only key to her apartment so Sue climbed on the fire escape to look in the window, but she saw nothing. She suspected Bob Harper of playing tricks because the voice sounded like his. Pam determined to stand guard outside Aunt Annie's apartment door. As she waited for something to come out, Mrs. Draeger stepped off the elevator. Now go on with Chapter Four.

Pam determined to guard the door of the haunted apartment all night, but can you catch a ghost?

MRS. DRAEGER, or "the dragon" as she was called, stepped from the elevator and Shirley and Marty ran to get into their pajamas and Sue went with them to see that they got right to bed. But Pam, true to her promise, held her position beside the door of Aunt Annie's vacant apartment.

"What are you doing out here in the hall at this hour?" Mrs. Draeger demanded, seeing her

standing there with her back against the door.

"I mean to stay here," Pam announced, "unless you have a key that will fit this lock. There's somebody in there and I intend to find out who it is. I'm quite sure the music you heard last night came from this apartment. And it isn't any fun, Mrs. Draeger, to be blamed for things you don't do."

For a moment the superintendent's wife did not answer.

Then the ghostly music began again while she and Pam both stood, breathless, listening:

Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made life a heaven on earth?
Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Re-ob-i-in A-a-dai-ri!

"He always sings such sad songs," Pam said. "With that weird music, it's disturbing to say the least. We've missed things, too. Whoever is singing in there has probably taken them. Locked doors don't seem to bother him at all."

"You've missed things?" Mrs. Draeger inquired. "When was that? Why didn't you let me know?"

"It was just now," Pam told her. "We don't know when they were taken but just now when Sue opened Dad's desk drawer she discovered that two books and all his unpublished manuscripts were missing. They're really quite valuable. Our bird's gone, too, though why anybody would steal a bird without taking his cage is more than I can figure out. And the old couple at the end of the hall said they saw two people entering our apartment. One looked like Uncle Joe. He's dead, you know. And the other—well, they couldn't tell what he looked like. You see, we've got to find out."

"I quite agree with you," Mrs. Draeger replied unexpectedly. "Perhaps I have been a little unjust. The voice sounded like the voice of your friend, Bob Harper, and naturally I supposed he was visiting you."

"Naturally," Pam agreed. "That voice is a mystery to us, too, and I promised to investigate it. Sue is so upset, thinking it might be Bob. You do see, don't you? And you will let me stay beside this door?"

"You'll probably catch cold," the superintendent's wife warned as she walked briskly down the hall. She turned toward the stairway. Did Pam imagine it or was she upset about something, too?

Pam waited and waited while the ghostly music played on and the lost canary chirped and warbled and trilled. Whoever it was had been playing the same two songs over and over all evening—Belle Brandon and Robin Adair. Pam didn't like the first song, ending as it did



"No," Pam panted. "It's a ghost. Maybe I can catch it if I hurry."

in the little beauty's death. But the other song ended with the lines:

And, if thou still art true,
I will be constant too
And will wed none but you,
Ro-ob-l-in A-a-dai-ri!

That was better. Some day Pam hoped she and her three sisters would have romances of their own that would end that way. In the meantime she supposed they'd have to put up with the new stepmother their father was bringing home. She thought of his letter and wondered again why he had ended it so abruptly. He had written it from the writers' conference he was attending. Pam remembered every word:

Dear children: You will be surprised to hear the news in this letter. We met quite by accident up here at the conference. I had no idea she was interested in writing but it seems that she is interested in everything that interests me. We decided not to postpone the wedding as we both have plans for you children. Your Dad

And here the letter had ended. He hadn't signed it "Your loving Dad," as usual. Just "Your Dad." Pam hated to think of the plans, whatever they were. The girls had been quite contented in the apartment until this scare. There must be some way to change things. What was that verse in her lost book of poems by Omar Khayyam?

Ah, love, could you and I with Fate conspire
To change the sorry scheme of things entire
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Remold it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

It was Pam's favorite verse. She wished she could conspire with Fate somehow, but not understanding the gentleman very well, that seemed impossible. She was imagining Fate as a ghostly figure and beginning to nod a little when suddenly she heard a voice that sounded exactly like Bob Harper's. But this time it came from downstairs. Could he be the ghost? Could she have dozed off and let him escape? She jumped to her feet, shouting, "Bob! Bob! What are you doing here?"

"Visiting you," he called back cheerfully. "We're a little late, I know, but we just wanted to make sure everything was all right."

"Everything is all wrong," Pam declared. "I'm playing detective, or trying to. Were you just going down those stairs or coming up?"

"Coming up," he called back. "Any objections?"

"Who is it?" gasped Sue, opening the door.

"It's visitors," Pam said.

"Good gracious!" Sue exclaimed as she beheld a whole group from the music club mounting the steps. "What is this, a party?"

"Only the brave..." Bob began, placing a bunch of flowers in Sue's hands.

"If you come in," she warned

him, "Mrs. Draeger will never believe we weren't having a party the other time. I notice that the music has stopped."

"We noticed that, too," Bob answered. "Odd, isn't it?"

"It is very odd indeed," Sue said icily. "Wasn't tonight the night you were supposed to be rehearsing?"

"We finished early. Billy tells me I was wrong about the phonograph. These flowers are

leave us alone, Sue answered.

They went, still protesting their innocence. But Billy lingered long enough to call back, "We'll be within hearing distance if you need us."

Pam turned to Sue. "Now what did he mean by that?"

"I don't know," Sue replied, "but I certainly have my suspicions. They probably got hold of the key somewhere and intend to sneak back there and

side again, Pam thought, "It's a little too peaceful in the hall." She couldn't understand it at first and then she realized that the music was no longer playing; the hall was perfectly still. And it was beginning to rain outside—big drops that splashed against the windows. Pam shivered and huddled closer to the door.

That first night, she wondered, could it have been the

At that moment Mrs. Draeger appeared fully dressed and ready for battle. "What's all the noise about?" she demanded.



in the nature of an apology."

"There's candy, too," Billy put in, rattling the box to prove it. "May we come in and help you eat it?"

"Indeed you may not. I should think you'd be scared, coming into a haunted apartment," Pam replied.

"We're dying to meet the ghosts," Bob looked directly at Sue as he said this.

"Well, we're not," she snapped back at him. "I suspect we've already met them. That voice was surprisingly like yours, Bob Harper."

"Like mine?"

"Yes, but I'll accept your peace offering and forgive you if you'll only go away and

begin playing that awful music again as soon as our backs are turned."

"But, Sue, if they're guilty, what about the missing books and manuscripts and the canary bird?"

"Sometimes," Sue said grimly, "boys think it's funny to take things just to tease girls."

"It's just possible they came in through the window. You can see it from the study, can't you, Sue? Would you mind keeping watch just to make sure they don't come back up the fire escape?"

"Too late!" wailed Sue as the music began again. "They've already done it."

When her sister had gone in-

boys singing and dancing in the empty apartment. If not, then who on earth was it? She thought of the man Shirley had described—the tall, gaunt man who looked like Uncle Joe.

Pam was nodding again, almost asleep, when she heard faint footsteps behind the locked door of Aunt Annie's apartment. Then the knob turned ever so cautiously. Suddenly the door flew open and a white figure darted out and fled down the hall trailing something white behind it.

Pam was so startled that she didn't get to her feet at once and when she did the fleeing white figure was nearly at the end of the hall. She didn't care

if she woke everybody in the building as she clattered after it. She nearly caught its robe as the figure fled through the elevator door. The light flashed "in use," showing that the button had been pressed for some lower floor, and that ended the chase.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sue, coming out into the hall again, followed by Shirley and Marty. "What is it, a burglar?"

"No," Pam panted. "It's a ghost. Maybe I can catch it if I hurry."

And she was out of sight down the stairs before her sister knew what had happened. In a surprisingly short time a whole group of people from the different apartments had collected in the hall. They were asking the girls and each other all sorts of questions.

"Did you see it?"

"What did it look like?"

"How big was it?"

"That boy-friend of yours does have a fine voice," one woman began when Sue interrupted.

"It wasn't any friend of mine who did that singing. It was some thief who entered our apartment through the window or something and carried off our books and all Dad's manuscripts."

The women were impressed when they heard this.

"Mr. Barry is a writer," one of them whispered. "I read a story of his in a magazine. His manuscripts must be valuable."

At that moment Mrs. Draeger herself appeared, fully dressed and ready for battle.

"What's all the noise about?" she demanded.

"That," declared Sue, "is what we're trying to find out. Pam said it was a ghost. She almost caught it coming out of Aunt Annie's apartment. Then she ran downstairs after it. I hope nothing's happened to her. She should be back by now. Oh, my goodness! What's that?"

They all turned their heads in amazement as two white-sheeted figures appeared suddenly at the top of the stairs. Only one of them had holes in its sheet for eyes. This one

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grabbed the other as they both whirled and fled back downstairs. The two sheets trailed eerily behind them. Several of the women screamed.

"We can head them off if we take the elevator!" cried Sue, suiting her actions to her words. Shirley and Marty decided to stay behind in case the ghosts should change their minds and venture into the hall again. Some of the group followed Sue; others returned, shivering, to their own apartments. Pam was still missing and in the basement Sue failed to find any trace of either her sister or the two mysterious figures. Mrs. Draeger stopped in her own apartment just long enough to discover that two of her good sheets were gone.

"Someone must have stolen them out of the linen closet," she declared. "Can it be possible that these thieves have entered my apartment too?"

"They must have a skeleton key to every apartment in the building," another one of the

women began, and at the word "skeleton" a woman shivered.

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Draeger declared very loudly. "It's only a boyish prank."

"A boyish prank? But Mrs. Draeger," Sue protested, "when things are stolen..."

"How do you know they were stolen?" she demanded. "Those books and manuscripts of yours could have been mislaid, couldn't they? And as for the canary bird, I'm sure I've seen him fluttering about in the halls, although I can never quite spot him."

"But Pam! Where is Pam? She went after the ghost but she couldn't have caught it. Listen! I hear the music again. We left Shirley and Marty alone. They'll be gone too if we don't hurry!"

And Sue, impatient with elevators which never went fast enough to suit her, turned and ran back upstairs. Mrs. Draeger followed, puffing and muttering about her stolen sheets.

(To be continued next month)

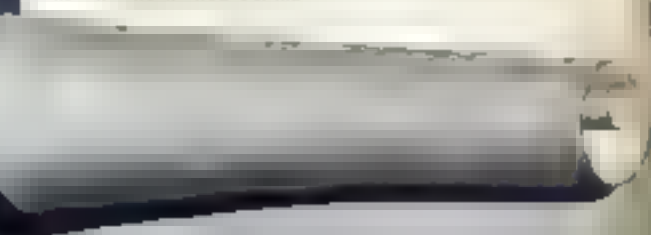


CALLING ALL GIRLS *Applauds* THESE STARS

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

THE votes are counted on the big lists sent on by thousands of Calling All Girls readers and you're chosen! Betty Grable and Brian Donlevy as you favor us in their picture better and more knowing than in any movie a long time between them as our favorites. We're through you point-views of the great films in which you've been.

That's the reason for putting in film stars he's going into the picture owners here and Hollywood itself voted for the greatest Academy Award. We thought you'd like to see some without a picture making picture picture in most cases they come out the top up most ways. If you miss such high-ranking stars as Ronald Reagan, Tyrone Power and Clark Gable, we get them, and fourth in quality. As Gable voting it's because they are in the armed forces.



Andrew's Famous News was voted for each year in the newspaper Film Daily's nationwide poll of stars and girls alike. Jack Palance, last year's Academy Award winner for his role in Rebecca, is second of his year's five top female stars. In "The Captured Nymph" she plays young Tessa Sanger in whom make it life. Charles Boyer and Joyce Reynolds with especially while some recently appeared Boyer's latest companion. (Warner)



It is a tribute to your appreciation of what is the acting that you place Betty Grable as your favorite picture actress. Betty is here the same as her picture she really makes a character in each film. In "Watch on the Rhine" she is a devoted mother and wife who lives surrounded by the danger to which her German-born husband anti-Nazi action as shows him and his family Paul Robeson plays the husband. When Hellman's play was one of New York's most successful last season. The film version is equally successful and is strongly aided by a splendid cast. (Warner)



Diana Lynn has been awarded so many honors for her excellent performance in "The Major and the Minor" that we have with a big star for her in 1945. She won the Patents Magazine Award as the most beautiful juvenile actress of 1945 and topped the Film Daily's "Young Star" in the same category. She is now appearing in "The Kidnapped Family" as the girl Henry takes for granted though she's no doubt and up to her big head. (Intercom) come day—she's the pick of the school crowd. (Para.)



Disney's Disney and manager to get on everybody's list again but he was little on years and third in the Famous Five "Movie Actor". But what will probably come next is the advancement of his career he placed sixth in the top ten movie making stars. This top of feature at the top often a record in the Warner owner who makes the movie and played in up to the end. (Para.) He'll be making the girls of moviegoers. (Para.) We still don't know how Andy stands with Betty Grable—she's going to a good college grade teacher. (Para.)

Great Grable and Betty Grable are the only two women stars among the top ten movie stars of 1945. They are by no means the only women stars. Great Grable was the most voted for star of 1945. But something about Ronald Reagan's picture placed on your list and for you he has been a winner in picture making. In "Kismet" Great Grable and Ronald played in a beautiful together that the picture is sure to last. He is a star, but the two stars they talk are to fine and great you'll never forget them. (MGM)



Oh, at long last—you very own favorite actor, John Payne! Don't mind the hands-but mustache. It's part of his into as a sharp trademark in the days of Sam Houston's famous magazine. Johnny goes up late every but boss of his money and puts down his hands back in a San Francisco tale. His big girl Alice Faye and Jack O'Brien make a place for him again in their act. It will be nice to see him and Alice working together again—their romance almost seem real. (Para.)



SKIING IN A NUTSHELL

(Continued from page 10)

At night Ted came in to dinner bursting with news. "The seniors have run in a last minute slalom entry. That new boy from Houghton. Supposed to be a greased rocket. Thinks he can lick Hump!"

A dark horse! Jep's heart almost stopped. Here for four weeks she'd been eating and sleeping with *Skiing in a Nutshell*, training against just one person, Humphrey Prall. Humphrey Prall, overconfident and out of practice. She wasn't really good herself, only better than Hump was now. But the boy from Houghton!

The next day she stumbled through Latin, flunked geometry, and started to eat soup with her salad fork. Where she'd bumped her nose it was beginning to turn green.

Promptly at four-thirty in spite of the drizzle and slush, a record-breaking crowd gathered on the summit of Bald Mountain where the course-setters had been busy putting up their red, yellow, and blue flags. The boy from Houghton thought that the race ought to be postponed on account of the weather. But Humphrey Prall and the juniors, smelling victory, shouted for it to come off. Jep was too terrified to utter a word, and Pinky Hatch stood mute. So the juniors had their way.

Jep's stomach was doing figure eights and her fingers trembled so that she could hardly pull her "turn" card out of the hat. Number 4! That was bad. It meant waiting and waiting for the worst to happen. Getting sicker and sicker!

Pinky Hatch, Number 1, grinned before he went into his clowning act, shedding his skis after the first gate, and rolling down hill like a good-natured snowball.

Number 2, the boy from Houghton was good, but you could see that he wasn't used to wet snow. Maybe he didn't have the 'right kind of wax either. He made one false start. After that he almost took a spill

in the stem corridor. But he managed to wiggle through in eight-five seconds with only one penalty.

Humphrey Prall threw Jep an indulgent glance before he took off. He waved grandly at the crowd, at the cheering juniors straining the ropes, and started. On skis, Hump was terribly good-looking. Fast and accurate as a hawk. But he was riding dangerously, Jep noticed, one ski decidedly in advance of

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the other. With a flourish he passed through the flush and stem corridors. And then at the elbow turn, his forward ski acted independently. He skidded. His skis did the scissor trick behind him, and before the crowd had time to gasp, there he was disqualified, tobogganing down and coming to a horrid stop with his nose against a flag pole.

Jep heard someone call Number 4. Hundreds of eyes stared at her. She tried to slide forward, but her skis stuck in concrete. Her knee joints were stiff as broomsticks. If a bomb were to go off behind her, she couldn't move her feet. This must be the dreaded "racing fever" that *Skiing in a Nutshell* talked about in the middle

of page 187. "Focus your mind on the course alone," it commanded. "Do not cast a single glance at the spectators. Push hard with both poles, and keep the tips of your skis together."

Jep pushed. Out of the tail of her eye she saw Humphrey Prall nursing his nose with a mittened hand. Then she fixed her attention on the tufted slope before her. With all those flags it looked like a white quilt tied in red, blue, and yellow. But when you got onto it, it was gummy. Like a fly trying to crawl down sticky paper.

Whew! That hairpin turn was narrow, all right. The course setters must have had fun making it stiff. In and out, weave like a snake! Gracious! That elbow turn was a blinger, barely room to squeeze through. Keep your ski tips together. Don't let them separate. Together! Now stem. There's the finish tape. Break it!

The race was over. But Jep had been creeping. The boy from Houghton had made it in eighty-five seconds and she'd thought that slow. Her ears roared, or was it the crowd? That was it, the crowd. The sophomores were nearly jumping out of their clothes. "Sixty-three seconds," someone was yelling. "She did it in a cool sixty-three and never touched a thing!"

Laurel and Ted and Humphrey Prall were plowing toward her through the slush. Hump's nose was beginning to change color. "Hi, pest!" he exclaimed warmly. "That was a swell turn you did. Where'd you pick it up?"

She brought herself back to Hump's question. "You mean the parallel christiania?" she asked, looking up at him. Then she pulled *Skiing in a Nutshell* out of her hip pocket, ruffled the pages, settled on one, and handed over the book. "The book says," she told him gently, "it's the only safe turn to make in slalom. And it tells exactly how to do it right here at the top of page 129!"

Cereal steps out

There's more than a breakfast to cereal. Watch it go places in full dress on your dinner table

By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor



THE Chinese love rice, the Scotch adore porridge, the Swiss dote on farina—and the readers of *CALLING ALL GIRLS* enjoy all these cereals and others, too! We know, because we've just finished going through the hundreds of recipes you sent to our Cereal Recipe Contest. Not only did we have a scrumptious time testing and tasting, but we relished all the interesting asides you threw in. It's fun to have contributors who are not only good cooks but good writers!

It was fun, too, to sample the huge variety of cereals your recipes called for. As a matter of fact, more than fifty different kinds of cereal can be found on grocery shelves, if you could ever count them! Crisp ones and crackly ones, crunchy and crusty, in tall boxes and small boxes, in fat containers and narrow ones. Miniature doughnut or biscuit shape, small puffed kernels, crisp strands, little balls, delicate flakes—it's a fascinating array. Wonder-

ful, too, the things you can do with cereal.

And another cheerful thought—it's one wartime food of which there is plenty. That means it's a good thing to use in your cooking experiments. Good flavor, economy, and nutrition.

It's exciting to see the way cereals can step out in party dress and appear in a hundred different kinds of food costumes—in this recipe for Apple Flake Crisp, for instance, with which Ruth Miller, of Medina, Ohio, wins our five-dollar prize. Let it take a bow one of these days as dessert when one of your very special friends is coming to supper.

APPLE FLAKE CRISP

- 4 cups thinly sliced apples
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey (or sugar)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
- 1 cup ready-to-eat cereal flakes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine

1—Get out ingredients listed above.

2—Get out utensils needed: paring knife; medium-sized

baking dish; measuring cups and spoons; mixing bowl.

3—Preheat oven to 350° F.

4—Grease baking pan or casserole.

5—Peel apples. Cut each one in quarters and remove core and seeds. Slice thinly.

6—Put half of the apple slices in greased baking pan. Spoon half the honey, cinnamon, and water over them. Repeat.

7—Put cereal flakes, flour, brown sugar, and butter in mixing bowl. Mix with your fingers until crumbly.

8—Sprinkle mixture over apples and pat down. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about 30 minutes or until apples are soft.

9—Serve warm with milk or thin cream. Serves 4 to 6.

Do you like setting a new style? Then Golden Brown Fish is your dish! Any of your friends who taste it will want the recipe. Sue Turkel, of East Hartford, Connecticut, sent it to us and she says, "I never was fond of fish until I tasted it made this way. I'm sure any girl who likes or dislikes fish will love this recipe!"

GOLDEN BROWN FISH

- 1 lb. thin fish fillets
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter or margarine
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup crushed ready-to-eat cereal flakes

1—Get out ingredients listed above.

2—Get out utensils needed:

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rolling pin; paper towels (if handy); measuring cups and spoons; skillet; broiling or baking pan.

3—Preheat oven to 350° F.

4—Crush cereal flakes with rolling pin on paper towel.

5—Wash fish in cold water. Dry on paper towels. Place fish in broiling or baking pan. (Do not use rack.) If skin is left on, place on pan skin-side down.

6—Sprinkle fillets with salt and pepper. Squeeze lemon juice over fish, removing any seeds.

7—Melt butter. Add crushed cereal flakes and mix well. Spread a few spoonfuls of mixture over each fish fillet.

8—Bake in moderate oven (350°-400° F.) for 10 to 20 minutes or until fish is cooked through and flakes easily.

9—Serve with pancake turner or wide flat knife so fillets will not break. Serves 4.

Canadian Muriel Hadden, of Halifax City, Nova Scotia, knows how to cook breakfast cereal so it will taste wonderful.

DATE CEREAL

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup farina-type cereal
2 cups boiling water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped dates

1—Have water boiling rapidly in top of double boiler.

2—Add salt.

3—Put over heat and add the cereal slowly to the boiling water, stirring all the time, until thick, to keep it from getting lumpy.

4—Place over boiling water, and cook one-half hour.

5—Add dates.

6—If the cereal is too thick for your family's taste add a little milk before it is removed from heat. Serves 4.

And Phyllis S. Mohr, of New York City, knows what to do with any of Muriel's recipe that's left over.

Cook farina-type cereal (as in recipe above). Then butter a loaf pan and pour the warm cereal into it. Chill. Slice and brown in butter or bacon fat in a skillet. Or dip slices in a slightly beaten egg, then in a little uncooked farina-type cereal, and then brown. Serve with maple syrup.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 23)

Often when there is a movie I wish to see, my mother looks it up in a magazine to see whether it says it is all right for children or not. If it is not, she will not let me see it and often it is a show I really want to see. What do you think I should do? —Doris B., aged 12, Oregon.

WE wonder whether Doris realizes that a great many grownups read reviews and criticisms of plays and movies, to guide them in choosing which ones to see. There isn't time or money enough for any of us to run the risk of dull, wasted afternoons or evenings and there are so many fine things to see we want help in making our decisions.

Doris' parents want her to enjoy good movies and they are probably reading and referring to the reviews because they want her not only to learn to choose wisely, but also to have a good time, profitably. In time Doris should be ready and able to make her own choices. Parents and teachers are eager to have girls and boys attend the kinds of movies young people enjoy, and they do not wish to inflict adult tastes upon them. And girls and boys usually want to see pictures their friends enjoy, so that they may share leisure-time experiences.

Those who review movies (or radio programs or books) for young people try to keep the needs, feelings, interests, and tastes of girls and boys in mind. And, in addition, they expect funny pictures to be really funny, the slapstick kind to be good slapstick, the stories about family life to seem honest and true, and the music, lights, and colors to be good to hear or look at, as the case may be. Doris will no doubt agree that movies that she is permitted to see may not be at all appropriate for a six-year-old; and, in some cases, she herself may not be ready for a movie intended for adults. There is no need to be in too great a hurry to grow up.

In the Public Eye

You are not Diana Lynn and you are not Shirley Temple, but you have a public of your own to please, just as they do

By ELENA CHANCE

Who Knows Her Do's and Don't's

YOU don't need a press agent to tell you how important it is for you to shine before your public. You may have a heart of gold, or a sparkling personality, but that doesn't mean you can go through life ignoring the things your public has a right to expect.

Your long bob is your pride and joy and brushing and combing it lovingly is just right—but not wherever you chance to be! Your teacher, struggling to get the bitter facts of a theorem across to you, is distressed by you playing Lorelei (the le-

gendary siren who spent her days on a rock combing her golden hair), oblivious of a, b, and c. And the boys will be bored watching you do your beauty homework in school.

Lunchtime, in the cafeteria, when the others dig into their lunch boxes with gusto, the sight of you combing the curls of your feather cut takes away the heartiest appetite. Hair and food don't mix.

There was a popular song once that went, "There's a time and place for everything." Study hall isn't the time or the place to pick the polish off



The Lorelei of the geometry class in action. She's pleased with herself, but no one else is.

your nails. Peeling off the lacquer may fascinate you more than memorizing that poem, but it's gruesome to anyone who has to watch, and a Junior Red Cross meeting is out for cleaning your nails. That's definitely reserved for moments of privacy. And if you are a nail biter, think of the picture you make when you are absorbed in chewing your abused nails to the quick!

You destroy the illusion people would like to have of you and that you want them to have of you when before anyone and everyone you pull down your girdle. That jerky, awkward little movement has been laughingly referred to as the "great American gesture." But it's not funny and it's not great and it's not much of a gesture. You'd be horrified at the idea of walking around in public with just a girdle on, and yet when you hitch at your two-way stretch, you're practically screaming to all onlookers, "See my girdle. See it?"

Did you ever get a view of yourself standing storklike on one leg, neck twisted so that you can peer over your shoulder and see whether the plate-glass store window reflects

To your left, ladies, is the human doughnut in the are-my-seams-straight twist. And to your right, the girl with pull demonstrates the girdle grab, sometimes known as the great American gesture.



crooked seams? Then you go through fascinating contortions to straighten them—to the amusement of the boys in the beanery across the street.

Some habits you've picked up unconsciously so that you don't even know you're doing anything that's revolting to people who must watch. Have you ever, for instance, laughed over the monkeys in the zoo busily engaged in scratching themselves? They are amusing, but they're monkeys and you're

not! Yet many is the girl who, without realizing it, scratches blithely away in as ridiculous poses as the wizened little comedians of the zoo.

Often it's hard to resist doing small things that will make you more comfortable. At Gail's party, there was a dish of peanuts in front of you, and you kept digging in till a piece of peanut stuck in that space between your teeth. For a few minutes you sat playing a little pushing game with your tongue

in an effort to dislodge the offending piece of peanut. It was only a particle, but it felt like a stone. You couldn't have realized how you were grimacing as you busily attacked with your tongue. You wished you lived back in the days when every person of fashion carried a gold toothpick as standard equipment. But finally, losing patience, you went after the peanut with your one cherished long nail just as Gail's handsome big brother came toward you!

Or how about the time at Jimmie's house when your ear itched and you decided there must be some wax in it and you started excavating with your pinky finger just when Jimmie came in with cokes?

Sometimes you feel you have so many not-to-do's to remember that you don't know what to do. And then you think it's all a lot of balderdash and who started this etiquette business and who cares?

But there is rhyme and reason to good manners. They aren't just a collection of items created to haunt you. Good manners are really meant to pave your way to popularity, to give you the poise you want. If you'll notice, good manners taboo all the actions that would embarrass you. Good manners are really a shield behind which you can be secure and never again suffer torments of uncertainty.

All you have to do is get organized. For instance, you do your daily hair brushing at home every night and your hair combing in the washroom at school. You manicure your nails in your room and dress so carefully that you stay put for the better part of the day. You can always retire for repairs to the washroom. Get your timing right—and that means planning your day to allow for all your personal chores—and pick appropriate places to do whatever you must. Then you'll never again do the wrong thing at the wrong time and make an ugly picture that would make you squirm if you could see yourself as others see you!

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SO YOU WANT TO START A CLUB

(Continued from page 22)

really go to see these places.

12. There are little things you can do as a group to prove your spirit. Invite a new girl in your community to be a member—perhaps a refugee or just a lonely girl. Pay visits to shut-ins or go as a group to visit a sick classmate. Make gifts for poor children, volunteer to run errands for someone who is too old to go out or who can't get to the library for books.

Or volunteer your services as a club to the Red Cross, the town salvage committee, the local relief organizations. You may be doing war work already if you belong to the Girl Scouts or Girl Guides, the Camp Fire Girls, Hi-Y, or the Girl Reserves, but there are still things you can do as a club.

13. Why not have a redecorating month? With her mother's okay, the club works on one member's room at a time. Instead of a magic wand, you use

scissors and pins, needle and thread, and presto a remnant of material turns into a gay skirt for an ugly table. With a can of paint and several pairs of hands, you transform a chair.

14. For the different touches to make your club special: pins or a special gadget that you wear or a bow of a certain color or shape to identify members. Maybe a secret password or signal. A monthly club paper written and illustrated by members, put out on a toy printing press or a typewriter, is super. You include club doings, stories and poems by members, and personal items.

Yes, a club is the place to make new friends, to enjoy old ones more, to make yourself over, to learn a lot of things, and to have fun. Instead of twiddling your thumbs in boredom and wondering, "What shall I do now?" you'll be puzzling, "What shall I do first?"

POLL OF JUNIOR OPINION

How the readers of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** voted in our third Poll

ONCE again thousands of girls, from coast to coast, in Canada and the United States, have given out with frank expressions of their opinion on questions of interest to young people. These were prepared by Alec and George Gallup, Jr., sons of Dr. Gallup, Director of the famous Poll of Public Opinion, in consultation with your editors, and there will be a new set of questions for you to vote on in a forthcoming issue. Meantime, here are your ideas on the latest Poll:

1—SINGLE- OR DOUBLE-FEATURE MOVIES: A surprisingly close vote on this question reveals that 45.7% of the girls favor one feature picture, while 53.8% prefer double-feature movies. Less than 1% failed to express a preference.

2—SPORTS IN WARTIME: Most of you think that major sporting events should be conducted as usual (81.5%), but 16.4% believe they should be given up for the duration. 21% had no opinion. The reasons most frequently given for continuing as usual, were "build morale," "divert one's mind from war," "physically beneficial," and "workers need recreation." Those

who favored discontinuing sporting events during wartime, felt that they waste gas, rubber, and money, and that more time should be spent doing war work.

3—WAR SAVINGS: You're a pretty patriotic crowd . . . 45.5% voted that boys and girls should invest one-half or more of their allowances in war savings! Here's how the figures were given, as to percentage of allowance which should be put into stamps, bonds, or certificates:

ALL	1	%	1/3	4	%
3 4	8	%	1/10	18 5	%
1 2	38 5	%	1 20	3	%
2 5	4	%	As much as one		
1/3	8	%	can afford	49	%
1/4	27 4	%	None	00	%
			No opinion	14	%

4—AFTER-SCHOOL JOBS: 30% of the girls who voted in the Poll reported that they earn money from regular after-school jobs, and these ranged all the way from helping with housework, taking care of children, running errands, and working in stores, to hauling wood and picking cotton! 69.1% said they did not have any jobs to earn money, and 1.9% failed to reply to this question.

Wait 'til they see me in my new
CHUBBETTE Jumper Dress
They'll think I went on a diet
or something

My mom says CHUBBETTES are made just for girls like me—"figure-conscious" girls. But who's figure-conscious now? I'm fashion-conscious from now on. I mean I like the way I look—don't you?

Happy girl is shown wearing a CHUBBETTE spun rayon jumper with white cotton blouse. Blouse may be worn with any skirt—jumper over playsuit. Colors: blue, rose, maize, aqua. Sizes 10½ to 16½.

About \$6. In Far West slightly higher.

At your favorite store or write to:

L. GIDDING & CO., Inc. 520-8th Ave. N.Y.

Lesson in Camouflage



Fighting foes and winsome women have always used the art of disguise

By NELL GILES

Author of "Secrets of Smokey"

MILITARY men know that camouflage is a powerful weapon to help them and hurt their enemies. That's why ski troops wear white parkas that blend with the landscape and make it possible for them to swoop unseen on an unsuspecting foe. And no ladies know that clever camouflage just beats their old tricks.

Knock knees are as plain as day if your skirt ends just where the "knock" begins. But a knee that's covered is completely disguised. Distract the eye from your skirt hem by having all the trimming above the waistline. No fancy pockets, no zigzag eye-catchers below the belt.

A bony neck line is something that needs camouflage and correction. The best camouflage is cover-up. In this case, a sweater with a high neck or a dress with a high-fitting collar. But when you camouflage your bony neck line you can work it just as well. Here's a remedy: "Twenty's Not a Day Old" the tips of your fingers are your

shoulders, elbows bent at shoulder level. Push back and then down, making a small circle with your elbows back to starting point.

For some defects, there just isn't a camouflage as good as correction. Nothing will hide bad teeth, but rough food and orange juice can work wonders, and so can a dentist if you give him the chance.

The right hairstyle can do a lot to camouflage a big nose. Hair brushed away from your face and up then turned in at the ends toward your face, definitely cuts down the size of a nose.

You can hide a wart and a bad scar by covering your mustache with a dishcloth and burying it under the covers. Make the wart go off when the dishcloth comes. Warts sometimes come in bunches suddenly and disappear in an instant just as suddenly. But if yours shows no sign of disappearing, don't fool with it yourself. See your doctor and let him remove it.

Worst of all things to hide, some girls think is hair. Where you don't want a man's eye on legs under arms. A girl's hair is best left alone. No one but you will notice it. And once you start removing hair, it's hard to stop. It's a good idea to consult with your mother before you take any steps to remove hair.

A razor doesn't make the hairs grow so faster or does make them more noticeable because after they've been shaved, hairs grow so much thicker ends. A razor is the least expensive way and the spendy

est to remove hair. You don't cut. You can use cream depilatories. Or you can use the electrolysis. But you use it on the hair as it grows and you can't see it until it's gone.

Instead of removing hair you can camouflage it. Here's a

But some women use a strong perfume in a saucer with a piece of blotting paper.

The paper is wet. Add a few drops of perfume. It will be the paper is wet. Wash first with soap and water and then apply the perfume to the skin with a piece of cotton. Do this once a day at first, and then as often as necessary. Here too, you should check first with your doctor and your mother.

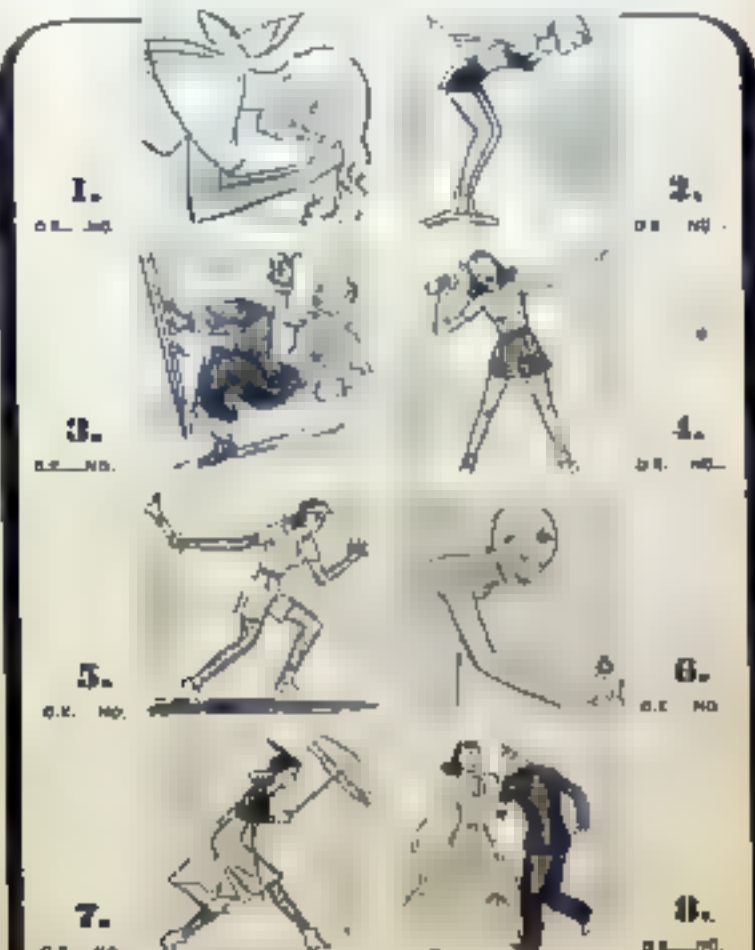
But the cleverest of all camouflage is never to mention any defect or awkward feature that you may have. If a girl is witty and kind and sympathetic how much do you bet we'd be unable to remember anything else about her? A friendly smile will light your face and bring a sparkle to your eye that camouflage magic.

Chunky chape hands and a shoulder-length bob camouflage a bony neck line



What's O.K.? What's X-ray?

Do you always know the right answers for the weird facts of the month? Check each picture, look up the answers in the booklet, get all the right and you're a super duper! You will need the booklet. As for "Go to the Mother" books you don't need a lot of "Mother's" a gift from the makers of *Wings & Spoons* magazine.



FREE! DON'T LOOK NOW! When you're ready to check your answers, look up the answers in the booklet. The booklet is a great gift from the makers of *Wings & Spoons* magazine.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

MAIL TO P. O. BOX 3434 DEPT. CH-1, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Arish say the hair is even the spiciest leg is spoiled by a hair ending just above the knee. It's a day old.

OUR HI-STYLE SCOUTS SAY— *Lets wear hats*



It is a pleasure to know that the girls are wearing hats with style and grace. The girls are really beautiful.

Ask for more hats like this in the girls' section. You know, girls like to wear hats that are stylish and graceful. Ask for more hats like this in the girls' section. You know, girls like to wear hats that are stylish and graceful.

again this spring

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Writer

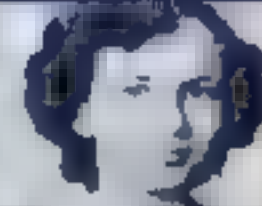
GIVE us some of your ideas to go — and what when you say our Hi-Style Scouts? Because that's what it is — a group who keep on going, just making one up after another. They said they were going to be an Easter hat spring. The person that brought that idea was one of the girls, so any girl there are no more hats. What do you think?



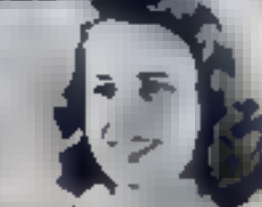
Meet
Some Of Our
HI-STYLE
SCOUTS



ROSE MARY WALLOCH
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



DORTHA COLLINS
Tulsa, Oklahoma



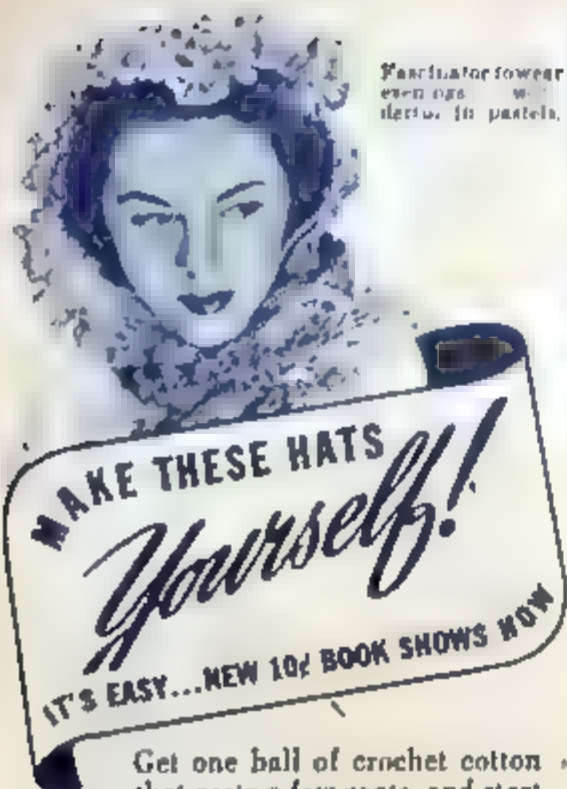
ANNA CASSET
Springfield, Ohio



ELEANOR JACKSON
Madison, Wisconsin

WILL you like to join the ranks of CHARMING ALL-GIRL? It's time to get busy on all your projects to make this Winter. Write to: Nancy Pepper, "All-Girl," All-Girls, 24 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Please send me your own lovely photograph and a letter.

THE GIRL ON THE COVER—Prissy, Madeline Pearson, has a way of being an excellent young lady. In "Pearls Madeline" Pearson has been going for some of her almost fifteen years, and now she is studying singing and the work she has done is a spring-fresh, light-colored type. She has been in the Underhill Hat Co. and is now in a unit. "Eleanor's" loved one, when William Ward photographed her in color for "ALL-GIRL,"



Facilitator to wear even age with stars in pants.

Get one ball of crochet cotton that costs a few cents, and start with the simplest hat. Soon you can make all the charming hats, scarves and gloves in this new book. Think of the variety you can have at tiny cost! Get the book at your favorite retail store, or MAIL COUPON TODAY!



Head bandage, adjustable with flowers or feathers.



Veil with your head sport dress, and easy!



If you can't crochet get the Learn How book teaches you to crochet, knit, tat, embroidery... the easy way.

Crochet your own author! It's smart!

SPECIAL OFFER! These three 10¢ crochet books all for 25¢. Order them today!

The Spool Cotton Company, Dept. CAG 4
54 Clark Street, Newark, New Jersey
Please send me the following books at 10¢ each
(If less are ordered, check those desired and
enclose 10¢ for each copy.)
☐ Learn How No. 170
Fast to make Hats, Scarves and Accessories.
No. 102
☐ Make and Mend No. 8-10.
Name _____
Address _____



They're new. They're original. They're dreamed up by girls with ideas and imagination, and they're fun to make!

Something from Nothing—
If you need a wastebasket for your room, you can make a very different one out of an old cardboard carton. Clip interesting, timely, or amusing newspaper headlines and paste them all over the carton. Shellac the carton. For fun you could add to your basket a sign reading, "For Paper Only."—*Shirley Moss, Baldwin, N. Y.* Ask your mother for an old pickle jar, or some such jar, that she doesn't want. Clean it thoroughly. Then pour some paint in the jar. You can use one or two colors of paint. Shake the jar until the paint covers the inside completely and then pour it out. Let it dry and you will have an attractive vase.—*Sarah Ann Samuel, Panama City, Fla.* If you're knitting, you'll be interested in this unique yarn holder. All you need is an old funnel. Paint it inside and out and decorate it with transfers or cutouts. Put your ball of yarn in the funnel and let the loose end pay out of the mouth. Funnels always have little handles on them, so you can hook it over something near your chair and knit away.—*Hazel Shaver, Finch, Ont.*

Tips on Ex-Lipsticks!—
There are lots of uses for empty—and well-cleaned—lipstick tubes. Here are two you'll like. The old tube can be made into

\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

SEND as many Gadgets as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatest, art work, literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALUNG ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALUNG ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

a fine pocket sewing kit. Take a match stick and break it to a length to fit conveniently in the tube. Wind several different colors of thread around it, then stick a couple of needles in the tube, the thread, and maybe a baby safety pin or two, and your emergency kit will be all set for your purse.—*Stephanie Pytel, Central Falls, R. I.* First aid for stray strands will also fit in old lipstick tubes. Just put a few bobby pins and hairpins in the tube. You'll find them much easier to locate in a hurry.—*Shirley Meyer, Sheboygan, Wis.*

Shapely Sweaters!—If your sweaters are inclined to start growing around the cuffs and waistbands, you'll like these simple remedies. To keep the cuffs narrow, slip a rubber band around each cuff when you take off the sweater. The bands will pull them into line.—*Margot Supple, Sacramento, Calif.* If the hip band is your problem, run a strand of matching yarn around the bottom of the band. Leave enough yarn at the end so you can tie it in a bow. Tie the bow on the inside snugly around your hips and the sweater looks like new and stays firmly in place.—*Lorry Mae Smetek, Milwaukee, Wis.*

PINS RINGS FOR YOUR CLUB!
Beautifully Styled—Low Prices!
Make your members' selection of their membership. Write for catalog showing 100 styles, sterling and gold plated to sterling. Choose a design suitable for your group.
BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 7 Rochester, N. Y.

Eight Easy Ways to MAKE A SHORT SKIRT LONG



CONTRASTING HEMS—Left: Set a folded band of contrasting color under hem. Straight band for dirndl, bias for flared skirts. Right: Add wide band of color with braid or rickrack to hide seaming.

MY, how you've grown over the winter! Last spring's dresses and skirts have sort of crept up on you and some of them may not have a hem to let down. Well, in the interest of clothing conservation, don't discard 'em until you're sure they're absolutely hopeless. First see how they will respond to any of these eight lengthening treatment. They're easy to do, too!

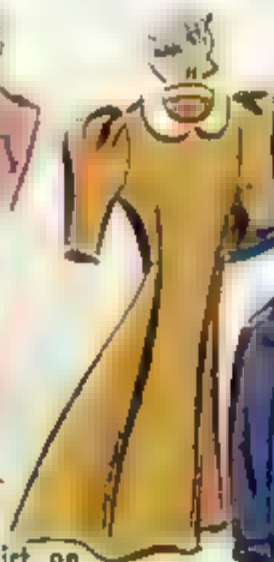
For further information about lengthening your clothes send to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y., for your copy of the Make and Mend for Victory booklet. Please enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing.



BODICE TOP—Wonderful cure for sweater skirts, either dirndl or pleated. Make muslin yoke long enough to drop your skirt the desired amount. Your sweater will hide it.



PEPLUM—Drop your skirt on a hip yoke and cover with a contrasting peplum. Pleated tie-on peplum is easy to make. Try this same treatment on your daytime frocks, too.



PETTICOAT RUFFLE—A teen cure-all for Easter frocks. Gather or pleat a strip cut 2 to 2½ times longer than width of skirt. Attach to the inside of skirt. Repeat contrast at neckline for a finished effect.



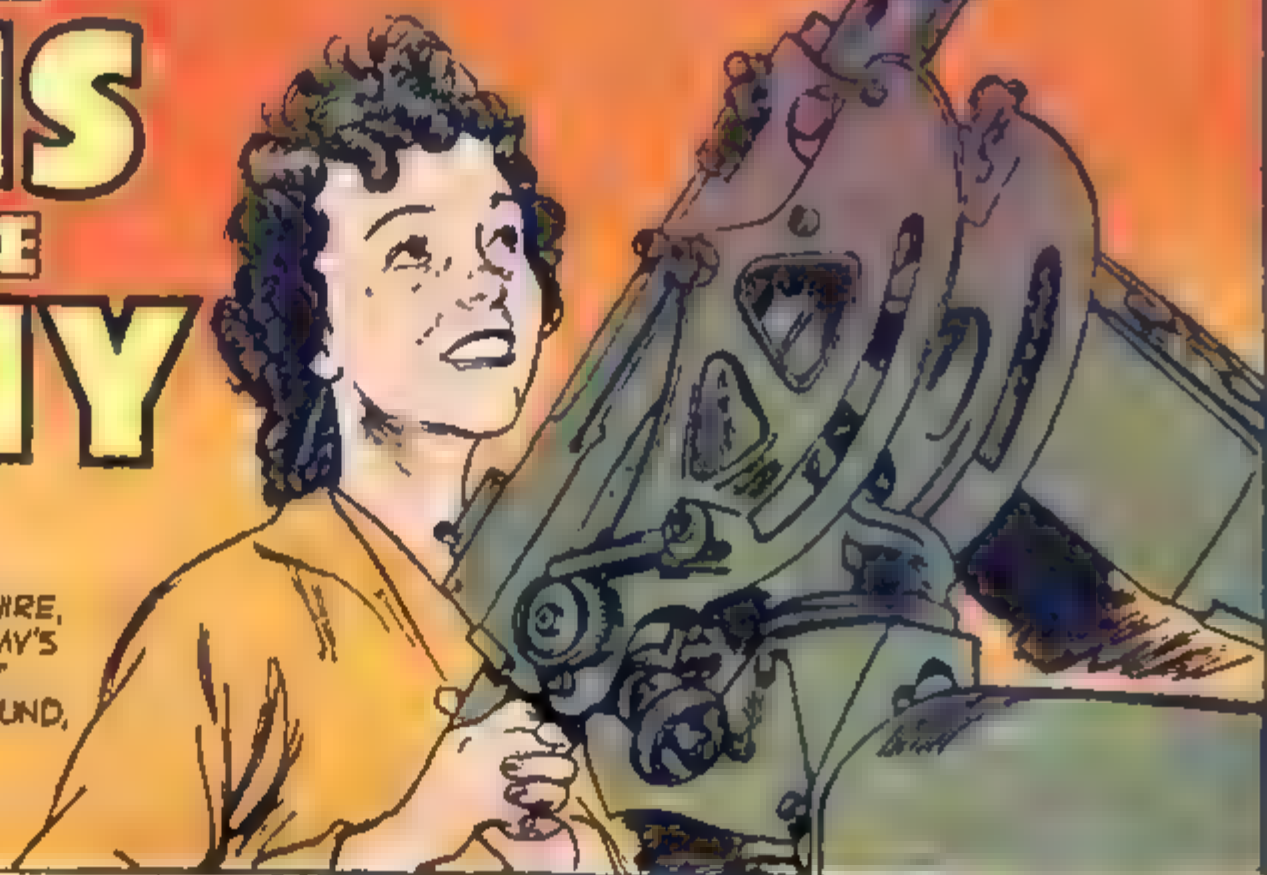
WAISTBANDS—Left: How about knitting a waistband for your short dirndl skirt. Regular skirt to fit stretched knit band. Stretch band as you sew. Right: Separate skirt from waist, if they are seamed together, and insert wide waistband.

Need some help with these first-aid treatments for outgrown clothes? Write in your problems to, Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. Be sure to enclose stamped self-addressed envelope.

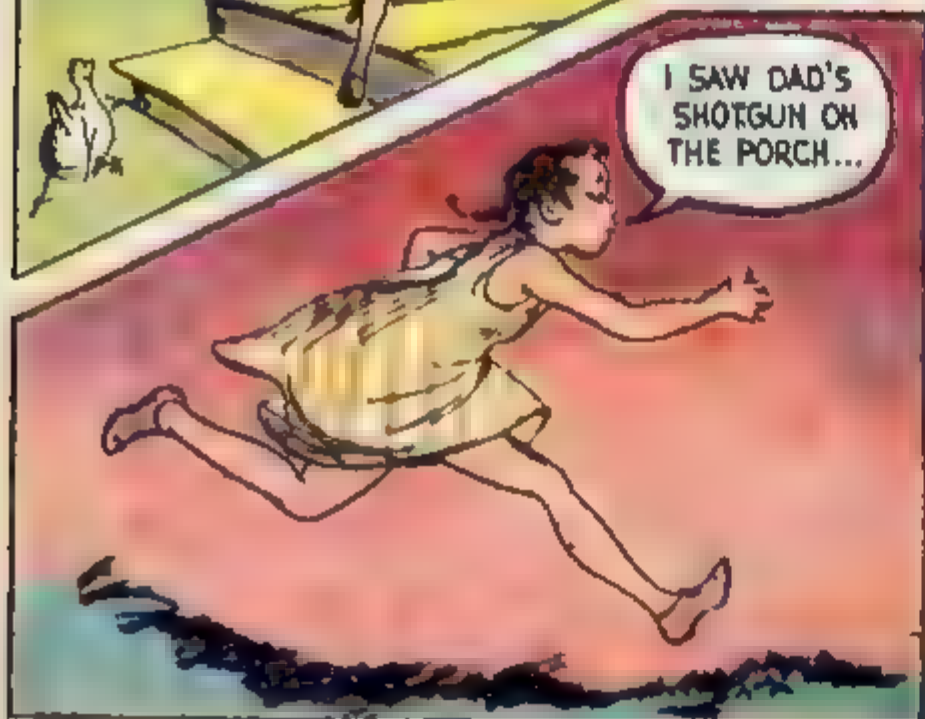
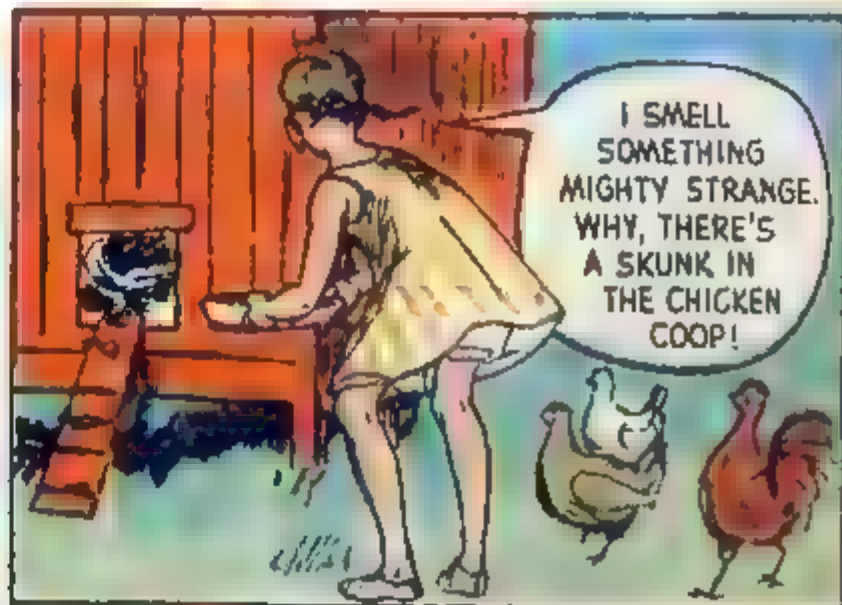
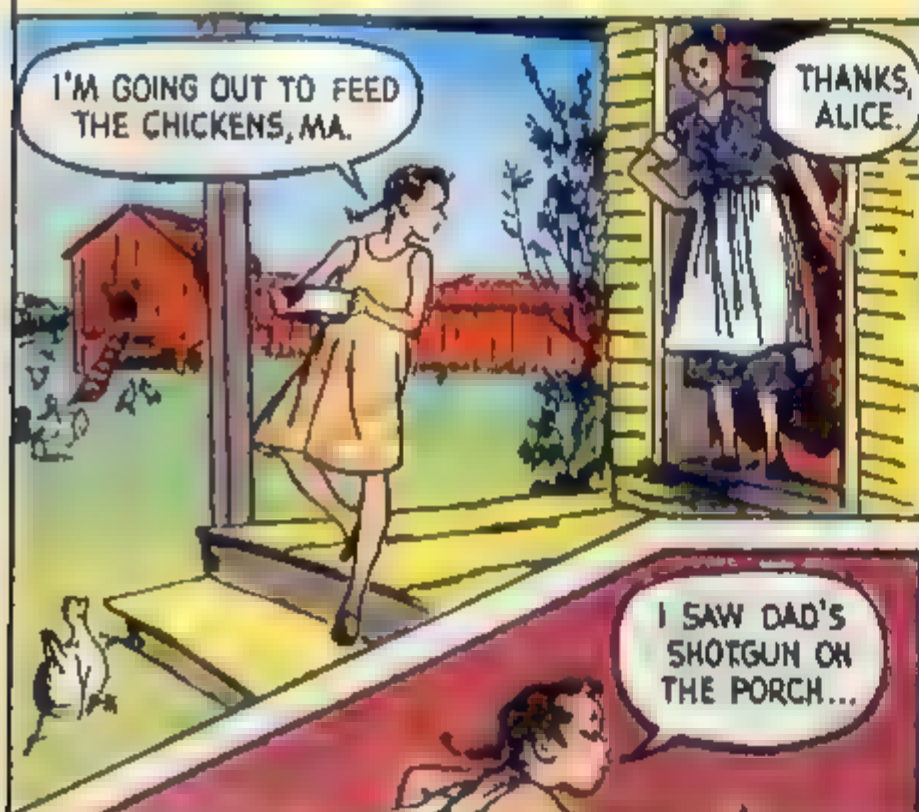
CONTRASTING BANDS—Dirndl looks so much cuter when slashed and lengthened with inserted contrasting bands. Novelty ribbon works wonderfully. Make your slashes on straight pulled thread, to make sure you cut on a straight line.

SHE GUNS FOR THE ARMY

THE TRUE STORY OF
19-YEAR-OLD ALICE McGUIRE,
CRACK SHOT OF THE ARMY'S
CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES AT
ABERDEEN PROVING GROUND,
MARYLAND



AT HER HOME IN PINEY CREEK, NORTH CAROLINA,
WHEN ALICE WAS TWELVE...

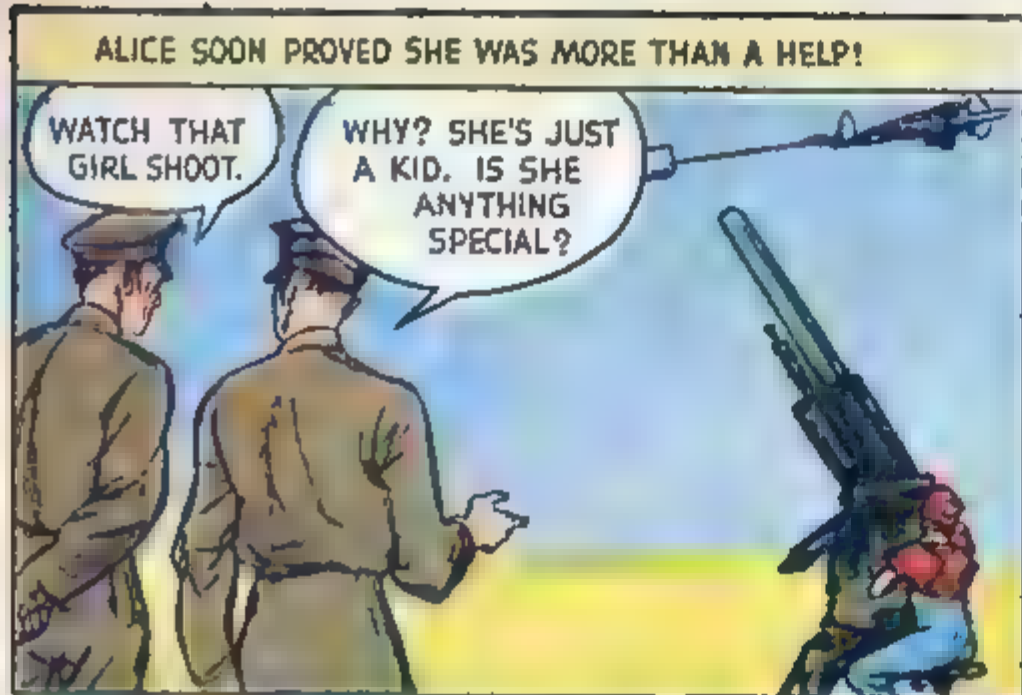




ALICE SOON PROVED SHE WAS MORE THAN A HELP!

WATCH THAT
GIRL SHOOT.

WHY? SHE'S JUST
A KID. IS SHE
ANYTHING
SPECIAL?



THOSE OFFICERS MAKE ME
NERVOUS. I JUST MISSED A
SHOT.



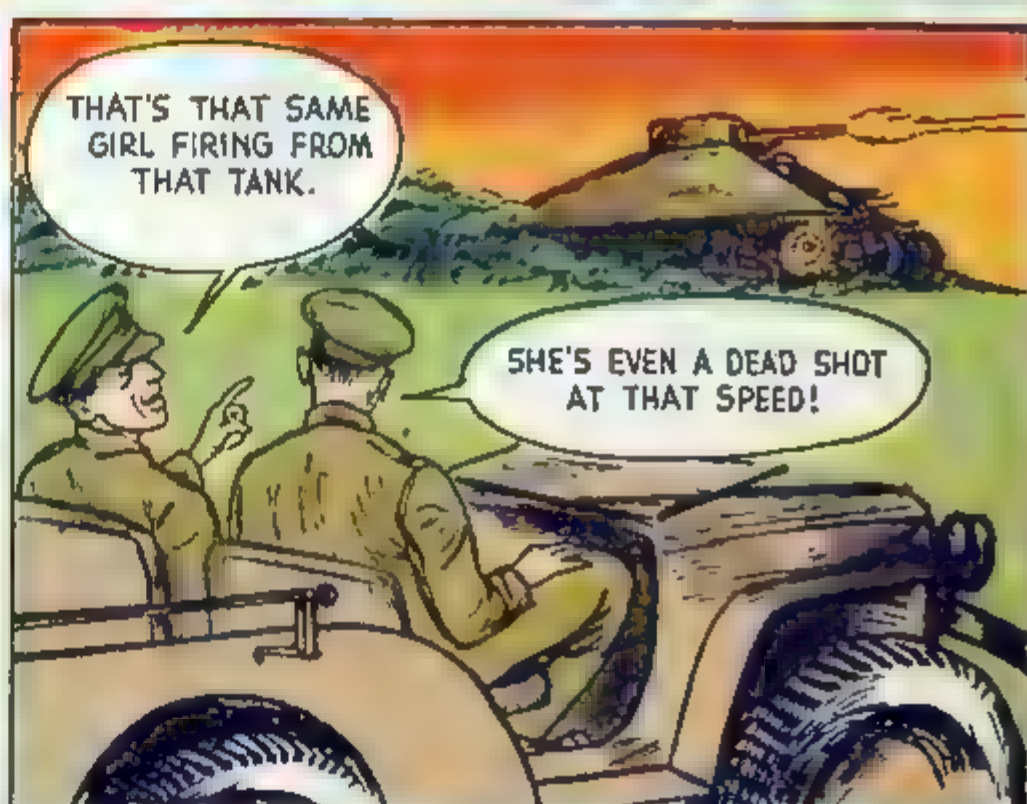
THE SCOREKEEPER
SAYS SHE'S HIT
6 OUT OF 7
BULL'S EYES!

SAY. SHE'S BETTER
THAN MOST OF
OUR MEN.



THAT'S THAT SAME
GIRL FIRING FROM
THAT TANK.

SHE'S EVEN A DEAD SHOT
AT THAT SPEED!



TROUBLE?

JUST A LITTLE WITH
THE ENGINE, BUT I'LL
HAVE IT FIXED IN
A JIFFY, SIR.

THE WOMEN
DRIVE THE TANKS
AND MAKE MINOR
REPAIRS, TOO.



DOESN'T THIS
CONSTANT GUN-
FIRE EVER
FRIGHTEN YOU,
MISS
McGUIRE?

I'VE NEVER
BEEN AFRAID
OF GUNFIRE.
IT JUST SEEMS
NATURAL
FOR ME TO
HAVE A JOB
FIRING THESE
GUNS FOR
THE U.S.
ARMY.





All the world loves a holiday but nowhere in the world
are holidays gayer than they are in South America

By ELIZABETH DECKER
Feature Writer

DOWN the street they come — twelve white horses lifting their feet daintily in little mincing steps, arching their necks proudly so that the plumes sway and the gay decorations jingle. And at sight of them the crowds go wild, bells ring, voices cheer, and gaily-costumed boys catch their girls by the waist and dance them around, for the twelve white horses draw a magnificent float on which is magnificently enthroned a magnificent Momo, King of the Brazilian Carnival. Imagine a parade, a Broadway musical, a World Series, and three Junior Proms all rolled into one, and you have an idea of the most rollicking festival in all South America—the Brazilian Carnival.

If you lived in Brazil, you wouldn't do anything before Carnival, except prepare for Carnival. No, you'd wait to have your appendix out and your teeth straightened. And if you lived in Rio de Janeiro! But let's pretend you do . . .

Since Carnival ended last year, you have been saving your allowance toward a costume that will bring gasps of envy from everyone you meet.

Months before Carnival you've been planning that costume. It must be something original, something brilliant with color, something with dash! Don't consult anyone. It's a secret. Will you be a Spanish lady with high combs, or a Russian girl with shining boots, or will you be the Spirit of Brazil with a swinging dress all green, yellow, and blue ribbons—the colors of Brazil?

Then there is the fun of making your costume and guessing what everyone else will wear. And all about your plans are afoot for floats—floats that will be all flowers, or floats in the shape of birds and animals, or floats that are tableaux of famous scenes.

How did it all start? Way back in 1641, when a certain Joao IV came to the throne of Portugal (then a very powerful country that ruled Brazil), a holiday was proclaimed in Brazil. The favorite way of celebrating this holiday came to be the *entrudo*, a messy pastime consisting of dousing each other in flour and water to

signify baptism. When that proved too unpopular, people threw lemons and oranges molded in wax and filled with scented water. The wax fruit broke and stuck to the victim, giving one the appearance of having been dunked in confetti and paste. The next step was inevitable. Plain water throwing became the chief Carnival amusement. Buckets of water were concealed over doorways and balconies, or thrown out of windows and it was all very funny unless you happened to be the drenched victim.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, the pranks had become so violent that water-throwing was banned. From then to the present day the custom in Rio has been to spray scented water over anyone who comes in range.

Now, Momo is the King of Carnival and he's usually someone fat and he's always someone jolly. With a gold crown and scepter, he steps from his boat in Rio de Janeiro's beautiful bay to proclaim that Carnival is about to start. Thou-

sands of costumed dancers lead him up the *Avenida* on his special float. Behind him come all the other floats, and bands enough to keep the air dancing with music, and the long procession is covered with miles of serpentine and tons of confetti that may be two feet deep by morning.

Carnival lasts for days. There are parades in the daytime, brilliant fireworks at night, and special parties all over the city. There is music on almost every street corner and crowds of gaily-costumed people in holiday mood. Carnival is a time when you don't have to be formal and you can talk to anyone. The samba (it's become a favorite up here, too) is the traditional dance of Carnival. The samba is centuries old. It was brought to Brazil by the

Chairs and music and a storm of confetti greet jolly King Momo, who officially opens the Carnival season.

slaves, and given a Spanish flavor. The samba drums beat endlessly from the beginning of Carnival to the end, and everyone dances in the streets to the syncopated rhythm of the drums and the tamborim.

Samba dancers have a lot in common with jitterbugs. They aren't too fussy about special dance patterns; they just respond joyously to the beat of the music, to its rhythm and its pace. It's a lilting dance in which the upper body sways and the steps are springy.

Up on a hill overlooking Rio, there's a music-loving Negro population. All year long, Negro musicians work at the songs they will present at Carnival. These composers are much honored, and if their tunes are catchy, they are apt to become national favorites that couldn't be surer of success if Bing Crosby himself sang them on the Hit Parade.

Not even Hollywood could match the glamour that is put into Rio's Carnival. It's a time of eating, drinking, dancing, laughing, and it provides conversation for months afterward or until it's time to start planning for the next Carnival!

But Brazil is only one South American country and Carnival is only one of many South American fiestas. There probably isn't a continent in the world that has more festivals per square inch than our beautiful, friendly neighbor. Their zest for celebrating patriotic and religious holidays makes a pre-war New Year's Eve at Times Square seem like a mild quilting bee. And they have the material to work with: a warm, heady climate, a profusion of flowers, palm-lined avenues, and high spirits and leisure. And above all, a liking for color—whether it's the color of a fabric, the color of an idea,



or the bright color of fun.

Another thing that makes for more and varied festivals is the fact that the people of South America are of three main nationalities. The Indians who were there first, the Spanish, who conquered them, and the Negro people who were enslaved in time back. Each of these, with a separate religion and way of doing things, acquired its own collection of days to honor, so it isn't any wonder that in nearly all of the republics there is a celebration of some kind at least once a month.

Some of these festivals get mixed up with each other, like the one that is celebrated in La Paz, Bolivia. Back in the 1780's the Governor of La Paz, to celebrate his victory over an Indian uprising, set aside a day to honor the Virgin. The way it's celebrated now, however, it is strictly an Indian festival, for in the centuries that followed, the Indians substituted for the Virgin one of their own gods, little Ekeko, god of prosperity. Ekeko was worshipped long before the Spaniards came, and the Indians never gave him up although they had been con-

verted to Christianity. The holiday is a sort of fair where all kinds of things in miniature are sold and is called Alacitas, which means "Buy from me." Today all the people of La Paz put little statues of Ekeko in their homes and decorate it with all manner of objects in miniature, just the kind of thing you'd like to hang on your charm bracelet. Tiny sets of furniture, beautifully made of filigree silver, cooking utensils, articles of clothing, and even boots and saddles, all unbelievably small, are hung on the image of Ekeko, the little god that wouldn't stay put.

The festival of Corpus Christi, one of the oldest and best known, is celebrated all over South America, but in Cuzco, Peru, it is another strange mixture of Christian and Pagan because it happens at the same time as the ancient Inca harvest festival. In Cuzco, it is the custom on Corpus Christi day to bring the many statues of the various saints from outlying districts to the big cathedral in the center of town. Here the Indians announce their arrival by blowing on conch shells and Indian flutes

that sang out, many centuries before, on the day of feast for their Sun God, deity of the Incas.

The beautiful and elaborately carved images are carried on the shoulders of the devout to the door of the cathedral. There a spokesman asks that the saints be allowed to come in to rest. Quaintly enough, they aren't allowed in until they are reminded by a voice from the church that they must behave themselves. After this exchange of greetings, the bejeweled and bedecked images are placed inside the huge building and the whole population comes to pay reverence and light candles before a favorite saint. High Mass is then performed and the saints are taken again on the shoulders of the Indians and paraded around the square while Indian music is played. After that, the festival becomes a simple matter of eating and drinking, and although the Inca Sun God is not represented by an image, he's there just the same.

The Chileans celebrate Columbus Day, but more gaily than we do. They call it the Day of the Race.

But if you wanted to list all the South American fiestas, you'd need a book and even then you couldn't capture the color, the laughter, the gaiety, that are woven into every holiday. You couldn't really get the dash of the caballeros in their fine clothes, the flashing dark eyes of the señoritas and the saucy swing of their full skirts, the vigor of the gauchos with their brightly-colored ponchos, and the bubbling spirits of Mamá, Papá, José, Manuel, and Rosita as they start out for a fiesta!

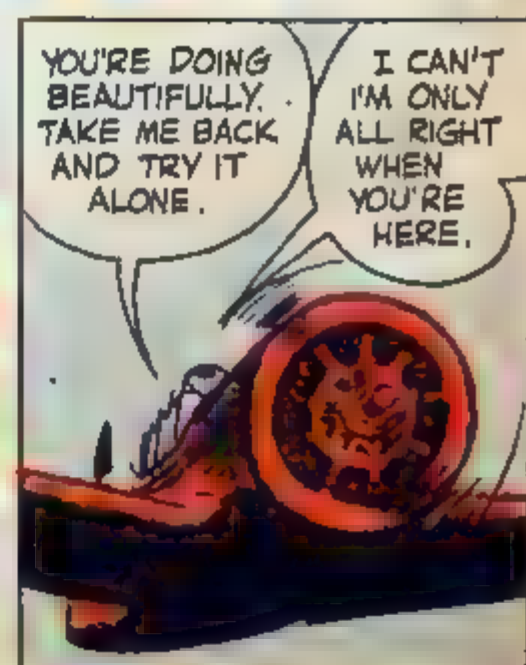
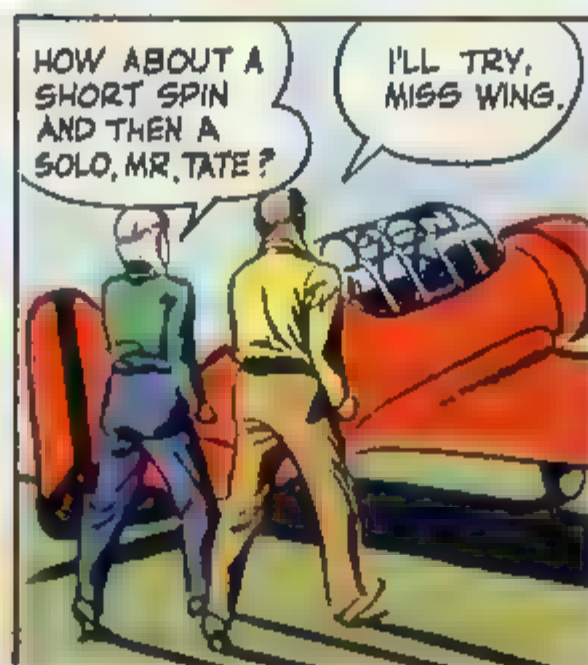
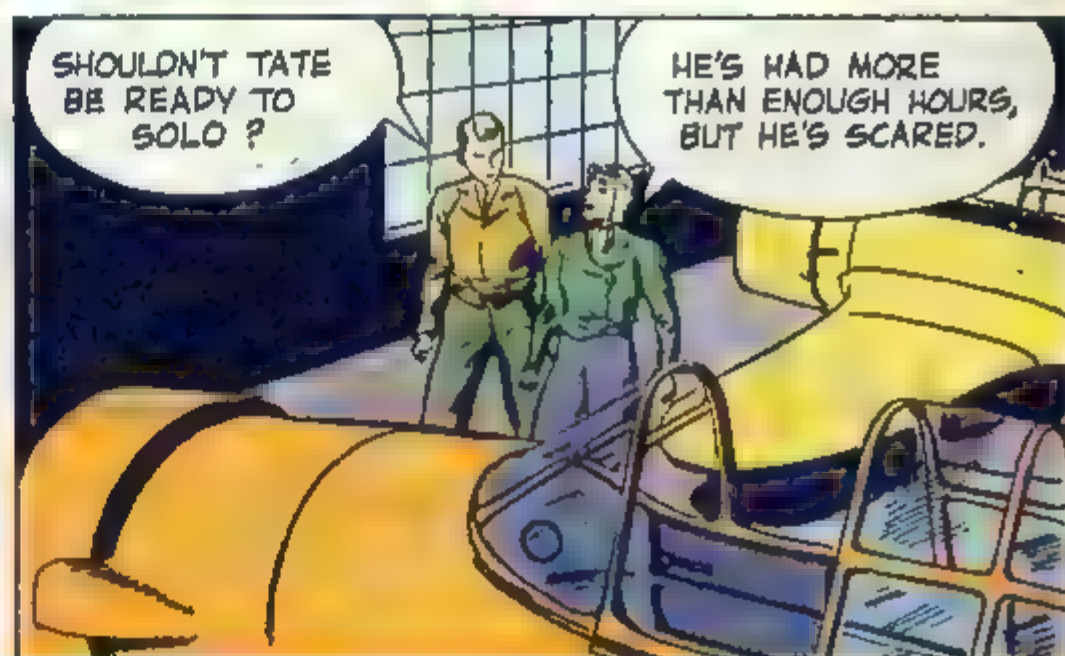
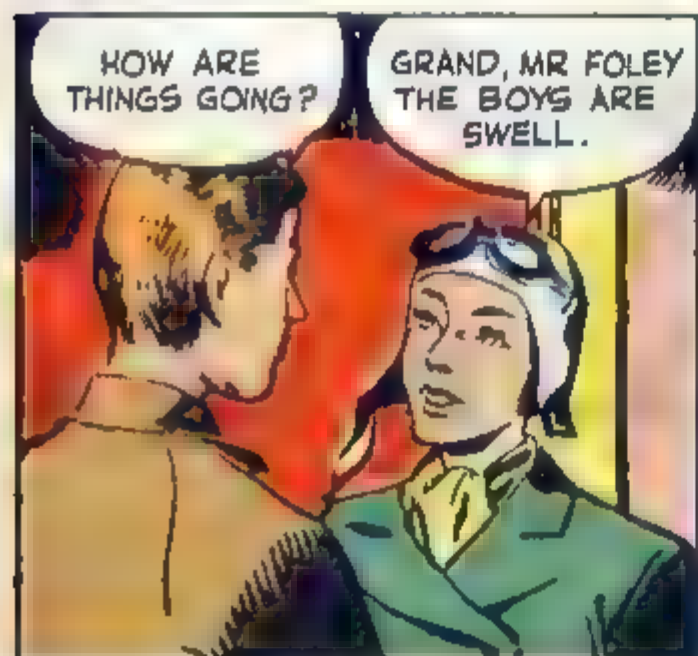
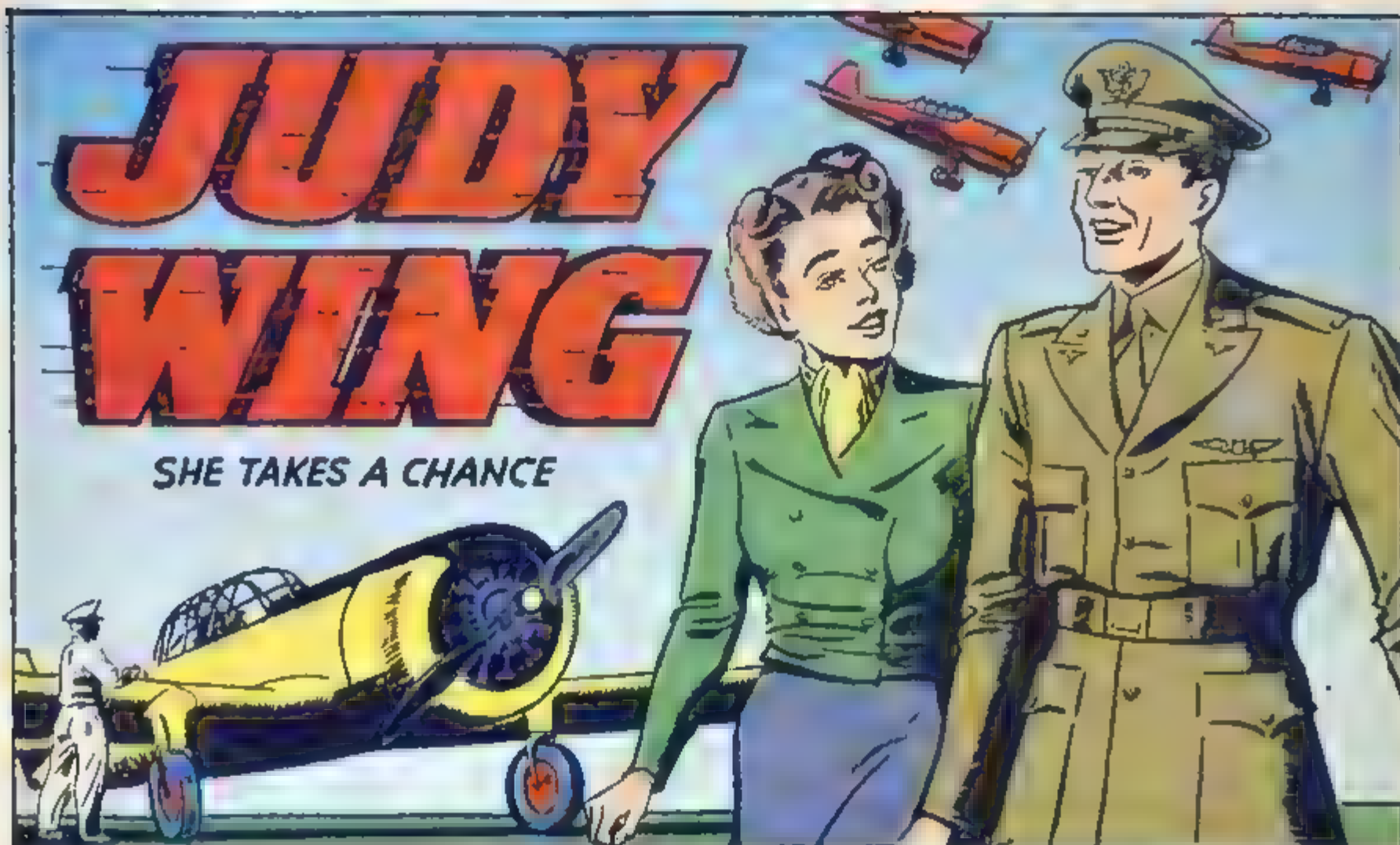
But there's one celebration to come that will make all the others seem small and drab and colorless. And that's the festival there will be when North and South America join hands to celebrate the freedom of the world from tyranny. Roll together Christmas and Carnival, Corpus Christi and Fourth of July and you'll have an inkling of that great day that's coming.

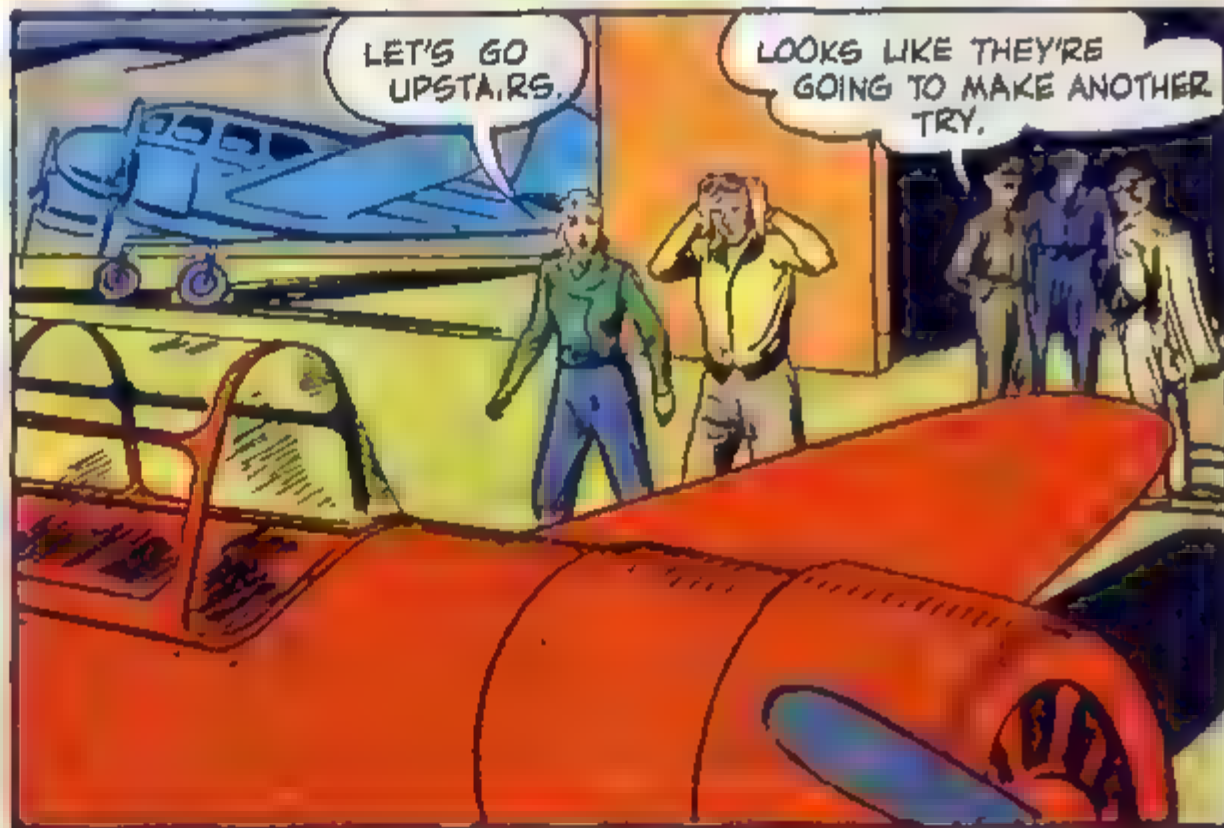
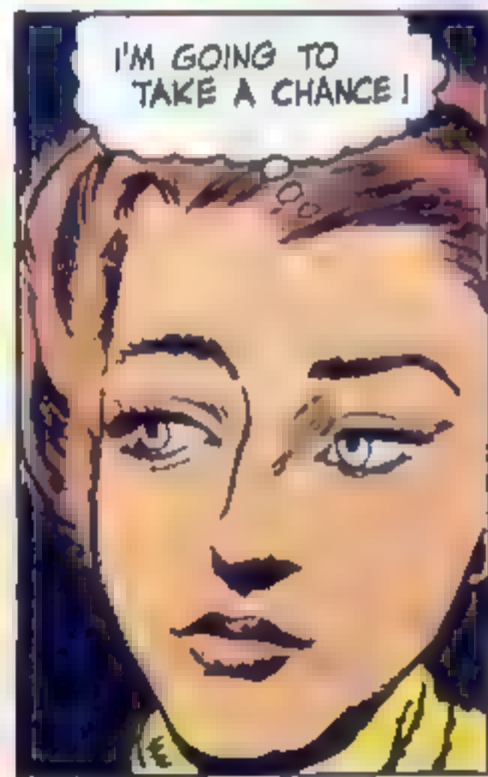
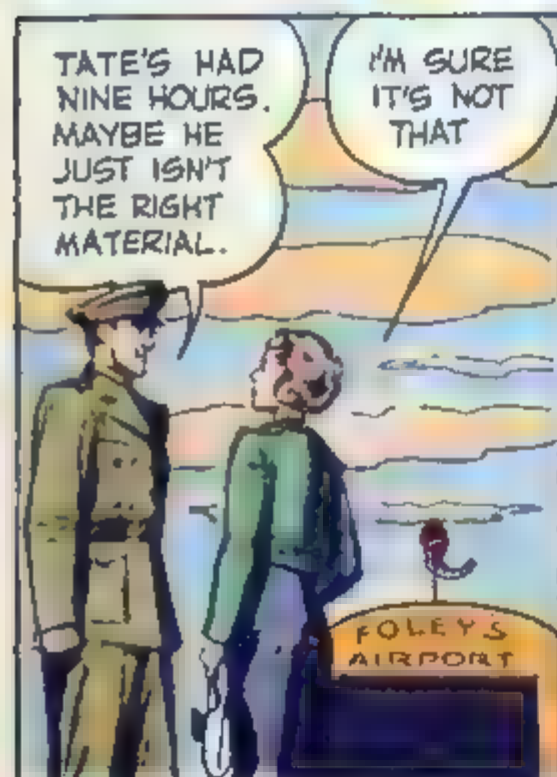
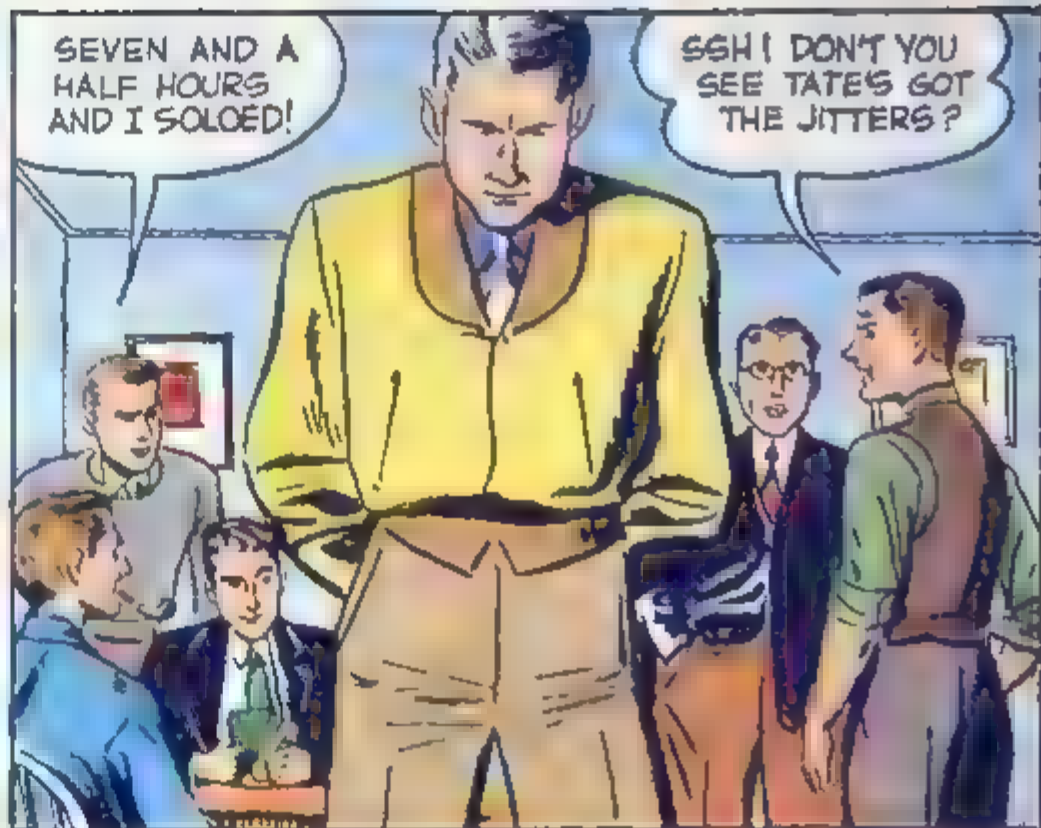
Susan Says

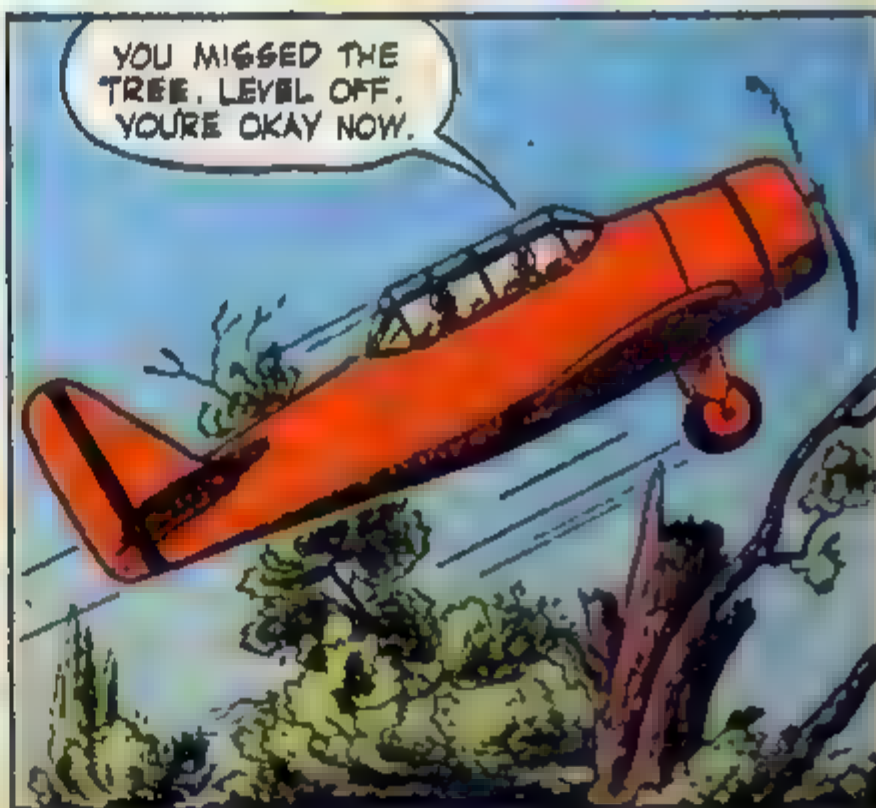
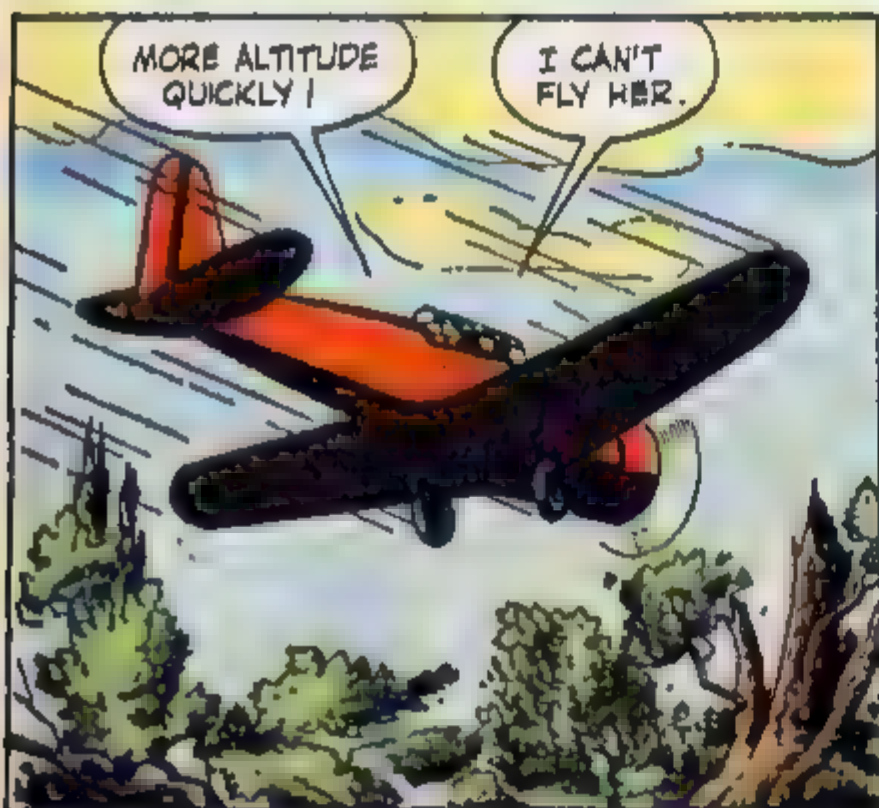
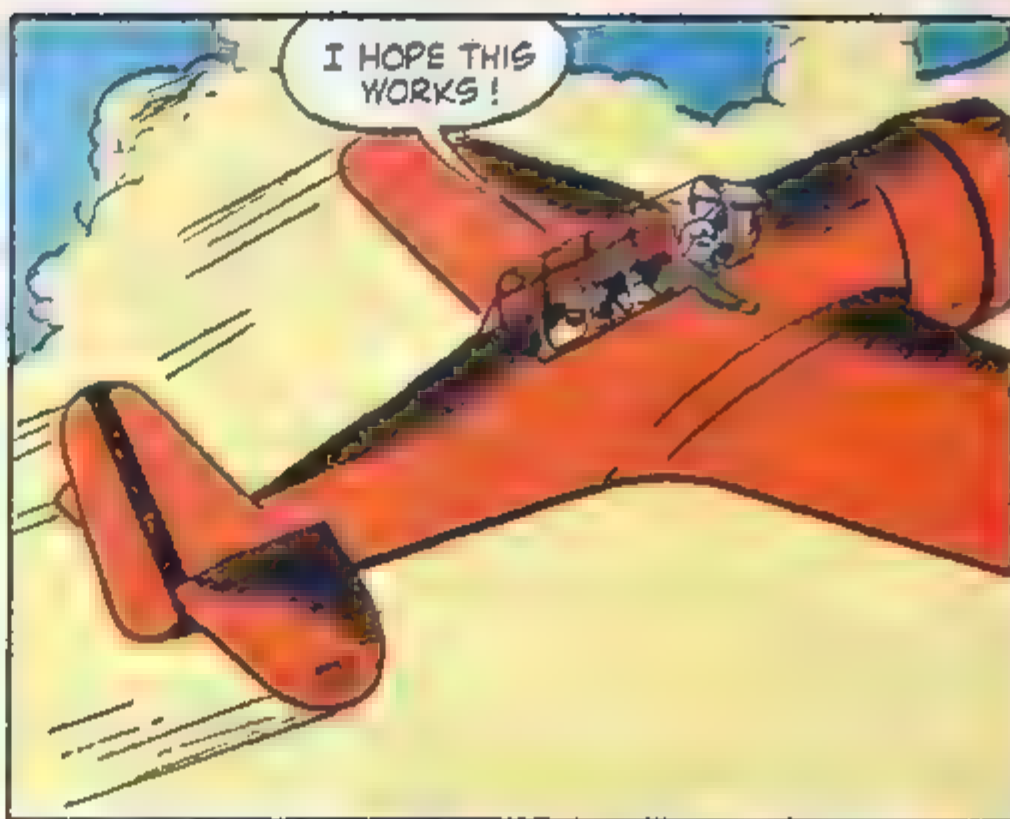
There are many new ways of earning extra money to put jingle in your pocketbook. An easy one is to learn an easy crochet edging and put it on hankies in variegated or plain colors. An added "dress-up" is to embroider initials in the corners. Another way is to make jigsaw puzzles. Cut out a pretty picture from a magazine and paste it on stiff cardboard. Cut it out in varied shapes and sizes and press the pieces under a book to make them flat. If you are an "artist," this will bring in a little extra money. Design your own paper dolls and their clothes and accessories. Cute ideas can come from the fashion sections in magazines and papers. Your friends will want to buy these to give to the "younger set."

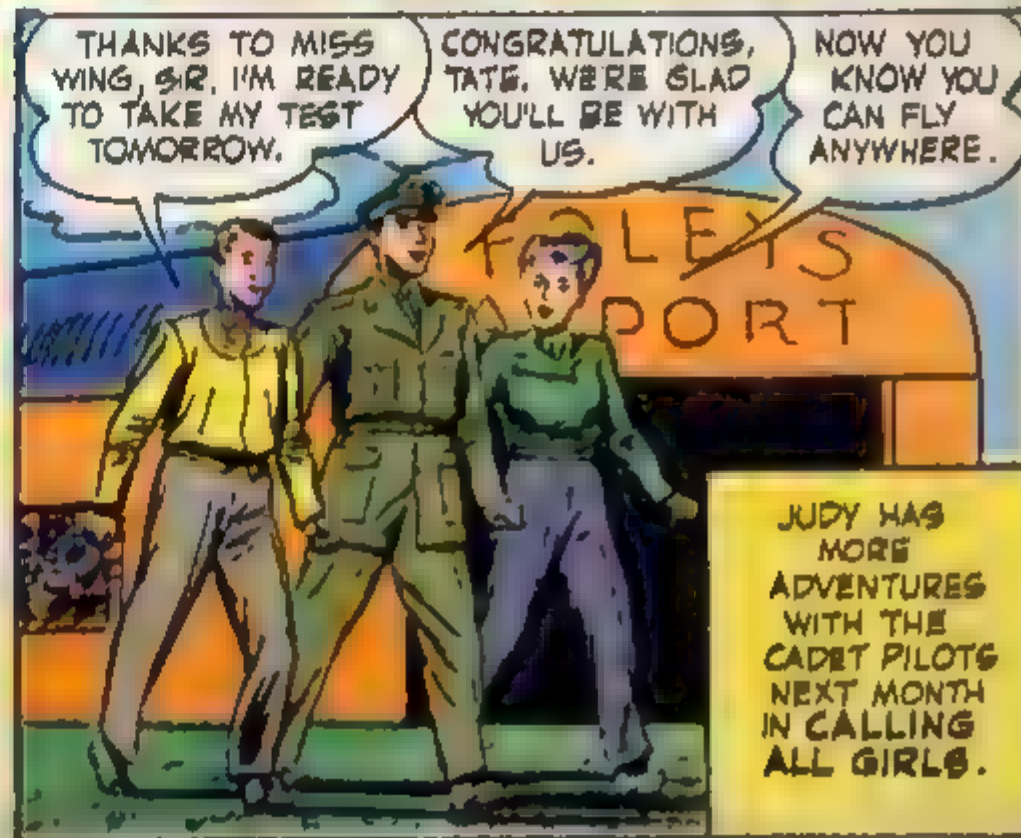
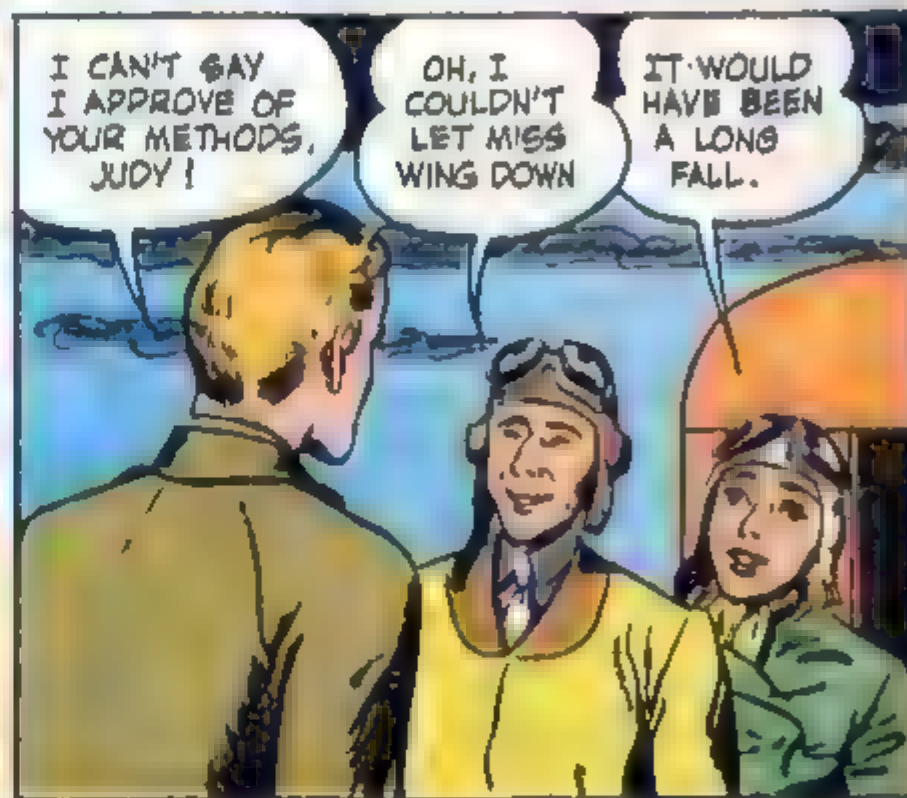
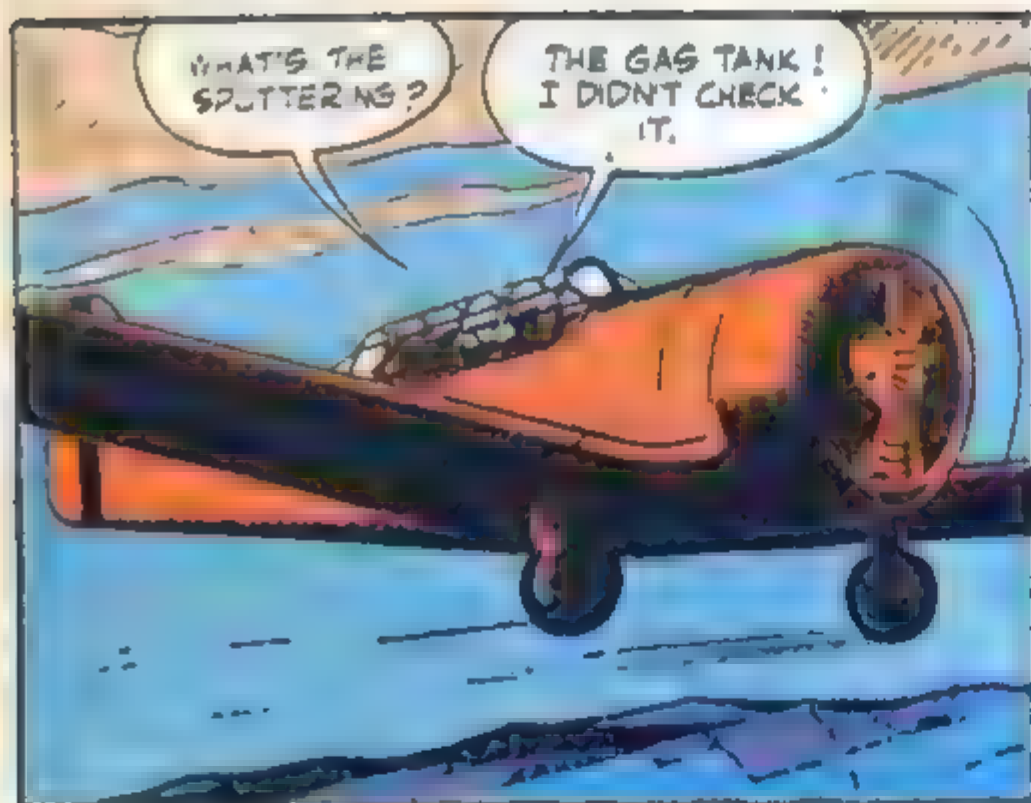
By VIRGINIA HUCKINS, aged 13, Groseville, New Hampshire

"Susan" is every girl who reads this magazine. Would you like to write "Susan Says"? This month write 150 words on "What I am Doing to Help Win the War." Stories must reach us by March 31st. Each month we will print and will pay \$5.00 for the best "Susan Says" contribution from a girl reader. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. All of them become the property of CALINGO ALL GIRLS. Address Susan, CALINGO ALL GIRLS, 32 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.









MISTRESS of MYSTERY



TEN YEARS AGO IN A THEATRICAL AGENT'S OFFICE...

NO. SINGERS, TAP DANCERS—THEY'RE A DRUG ON THE MARKET.

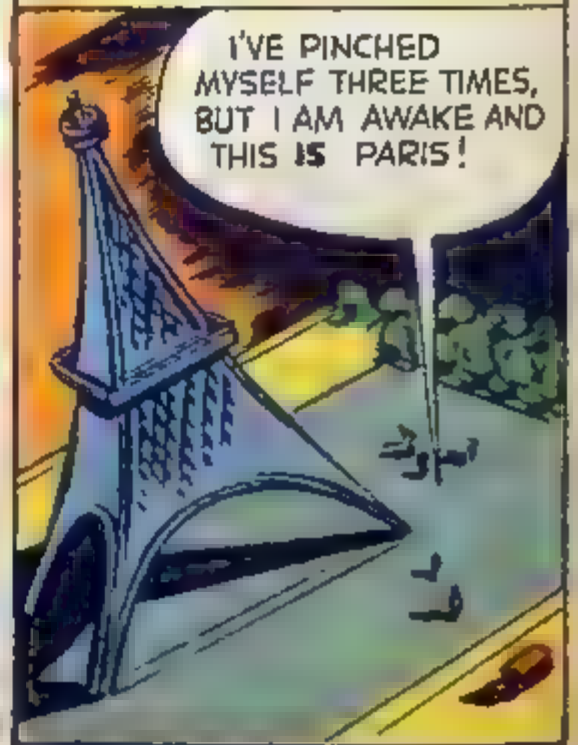
I'LL GO ANYWHERE. I'VE GOT TO HAVE A JOB.

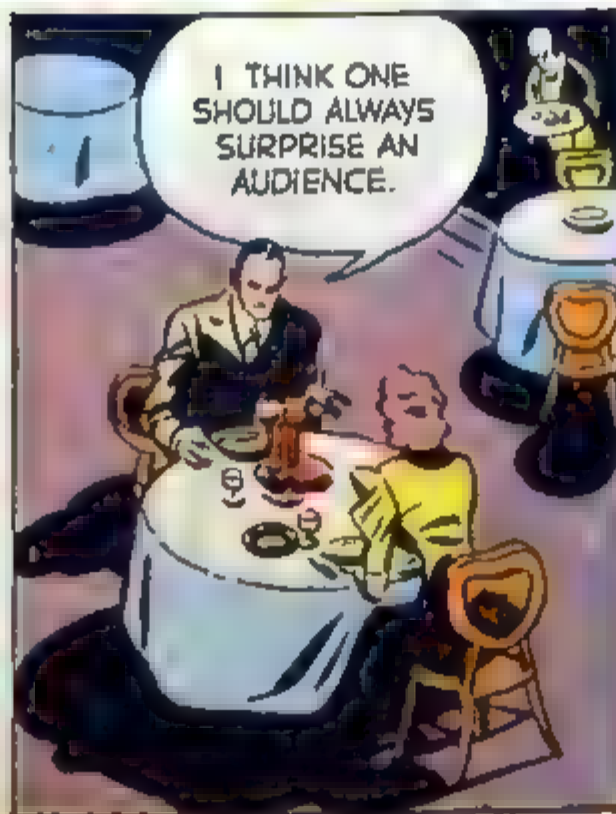
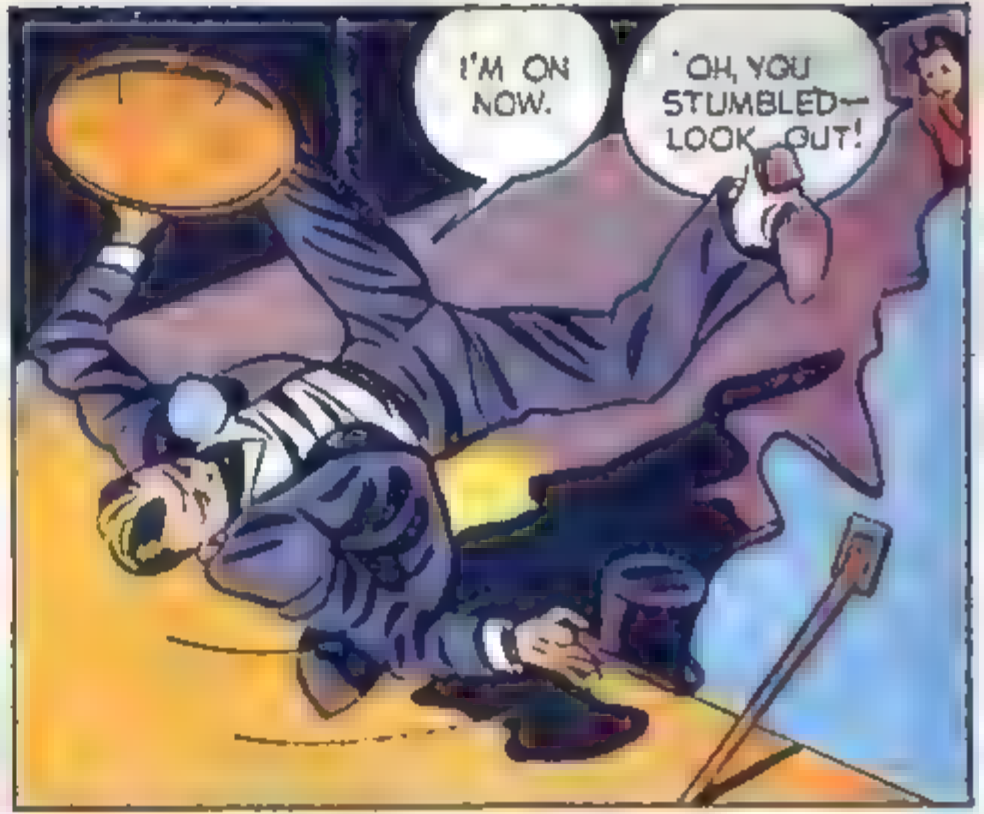
WELL—I CAN GIVE YOU SIX WEEKS IN A CLUB IN PARIS, MISS O'DELL.

PARIS, FRANCE!

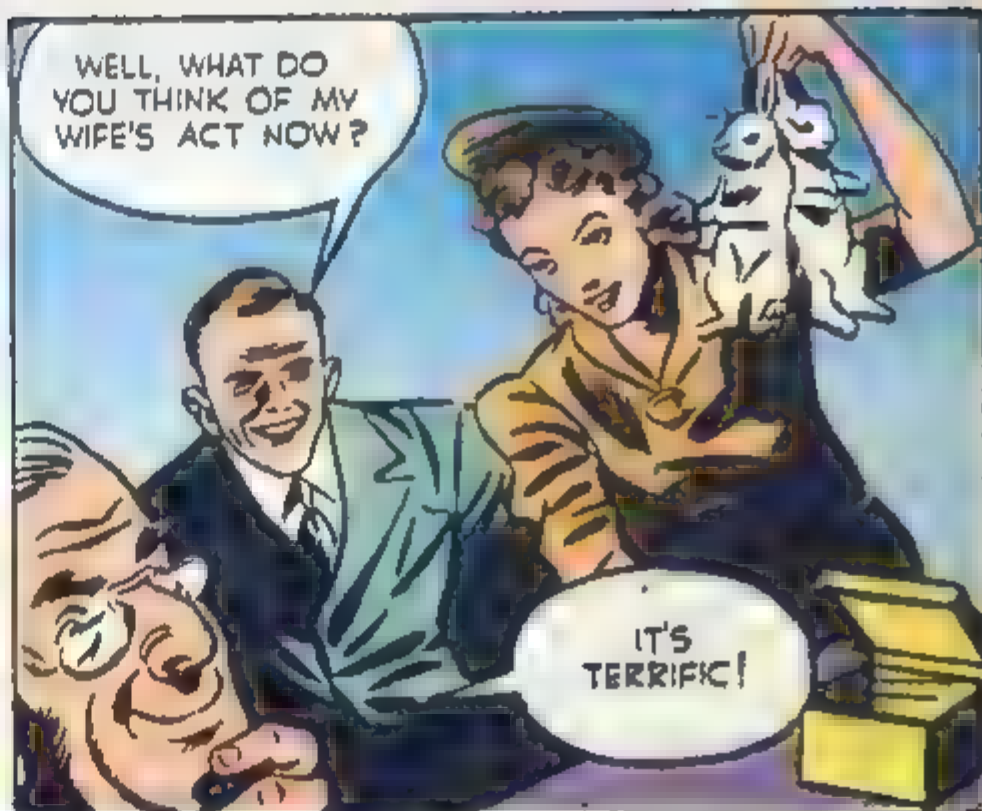
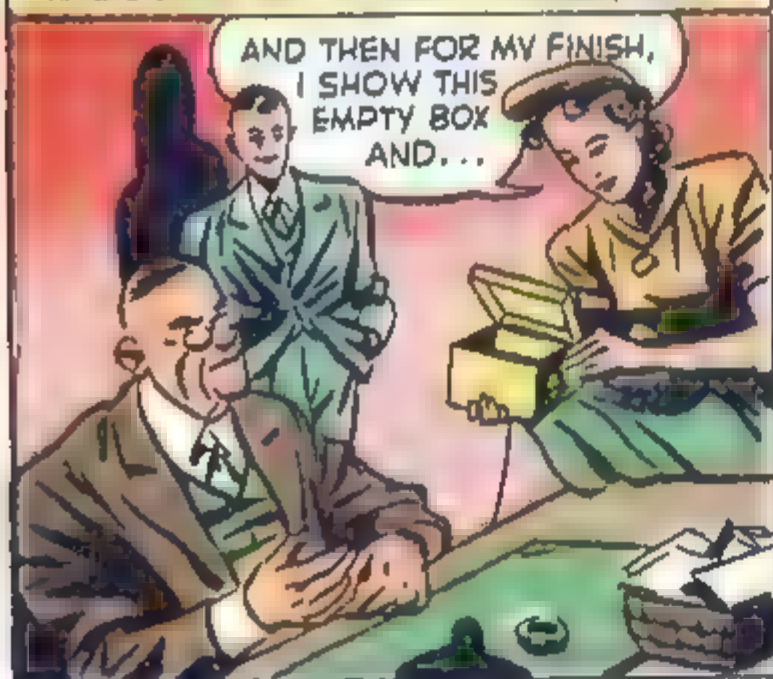
THE FIRST TIME SHE SAW PARIS...

I'VE PINCHED MYSELF THREE TIMES, BUT I AM AWAKE AND THIS IS PARIS!

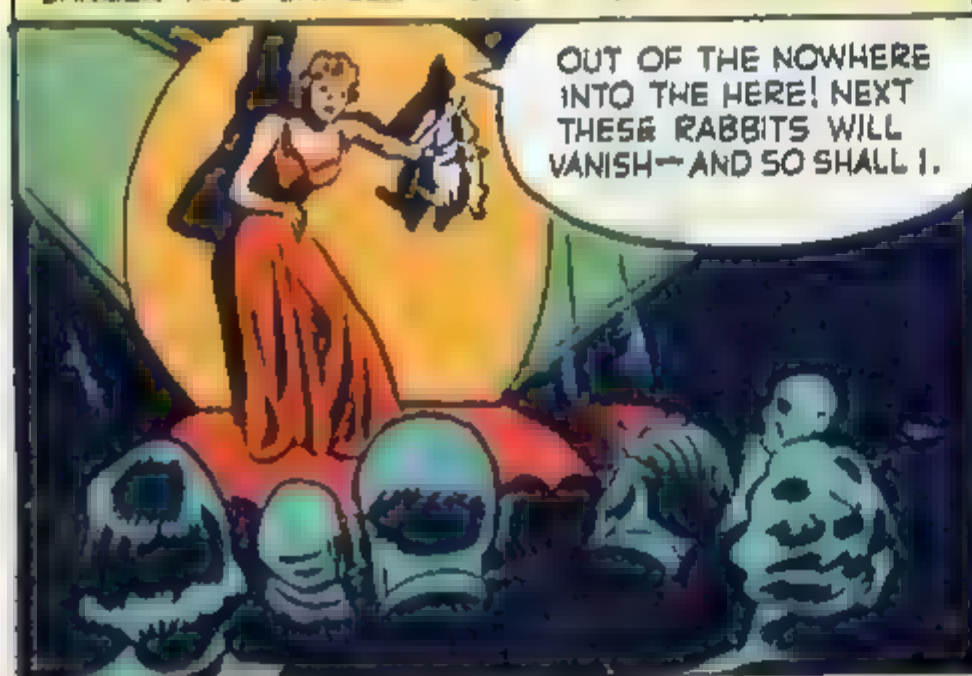


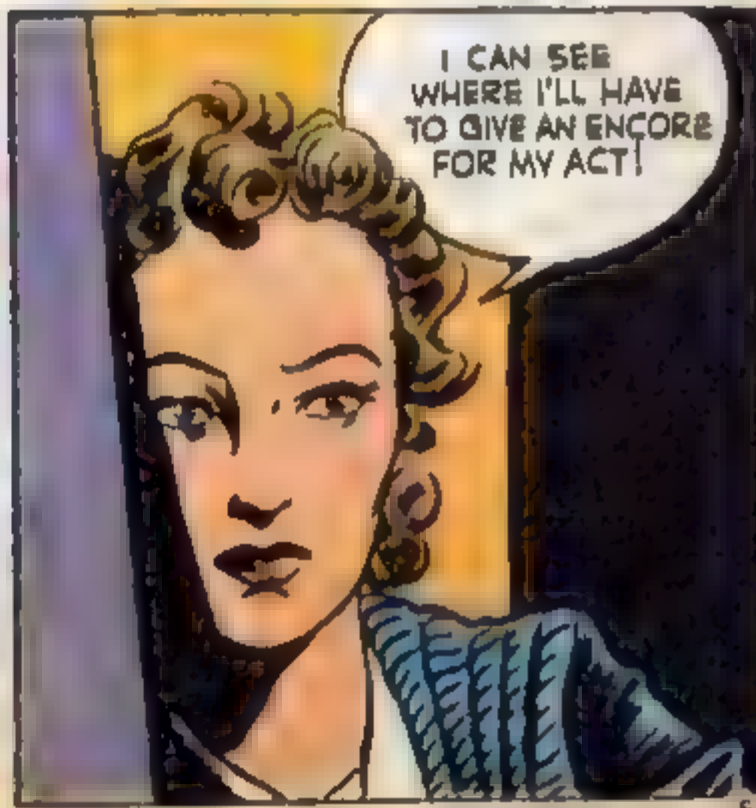
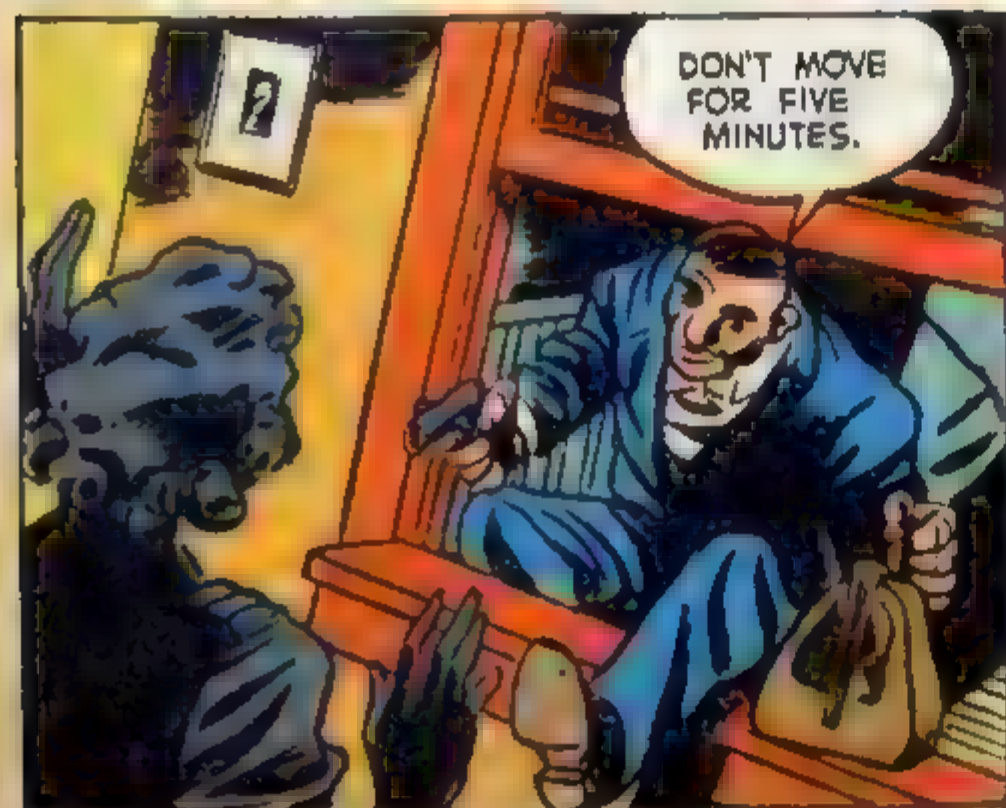
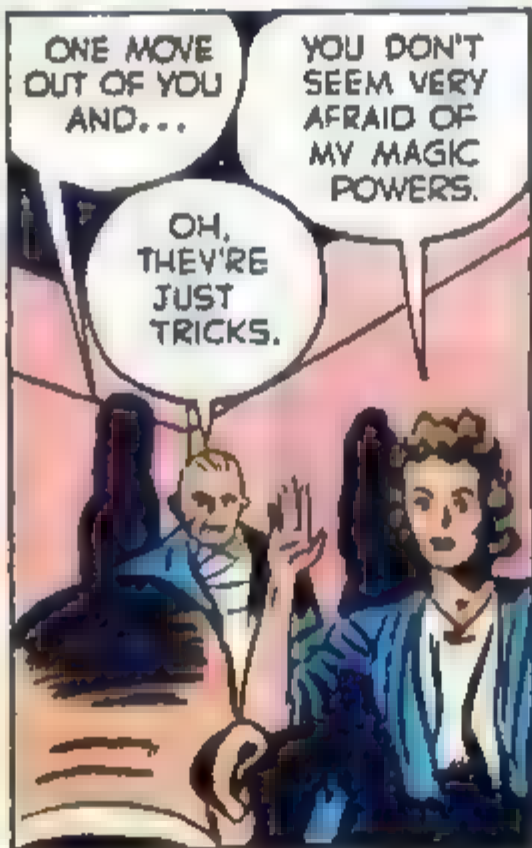
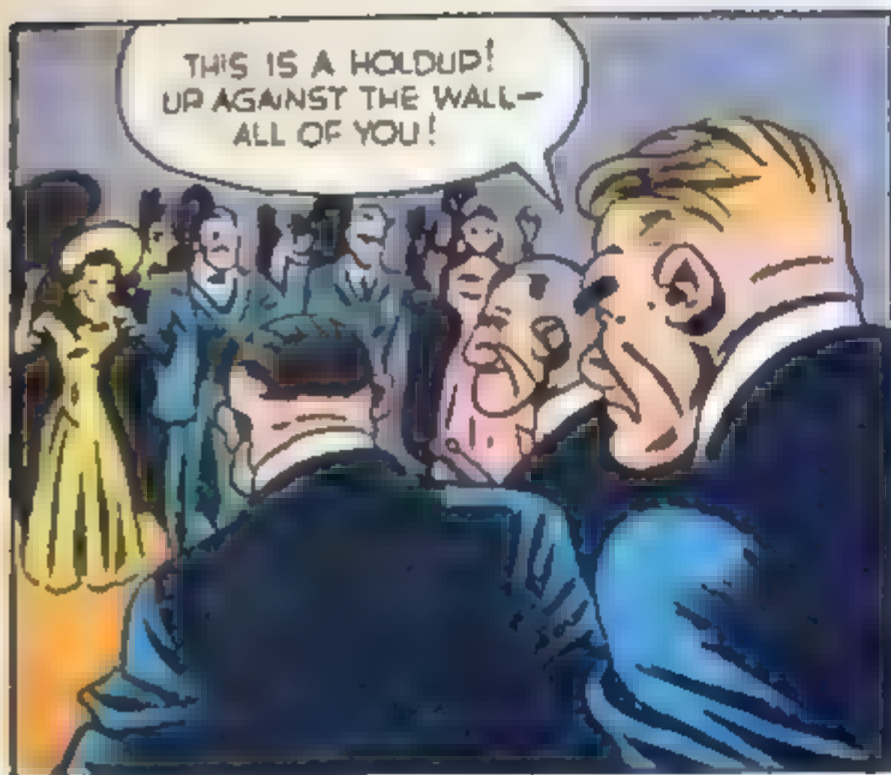


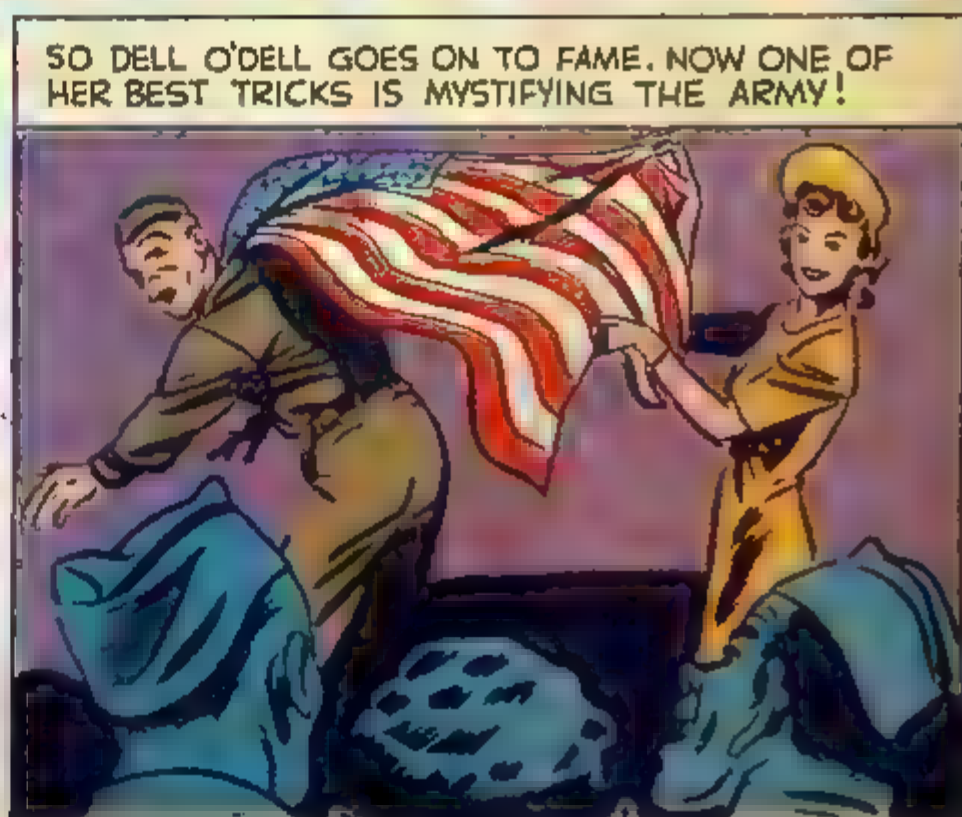
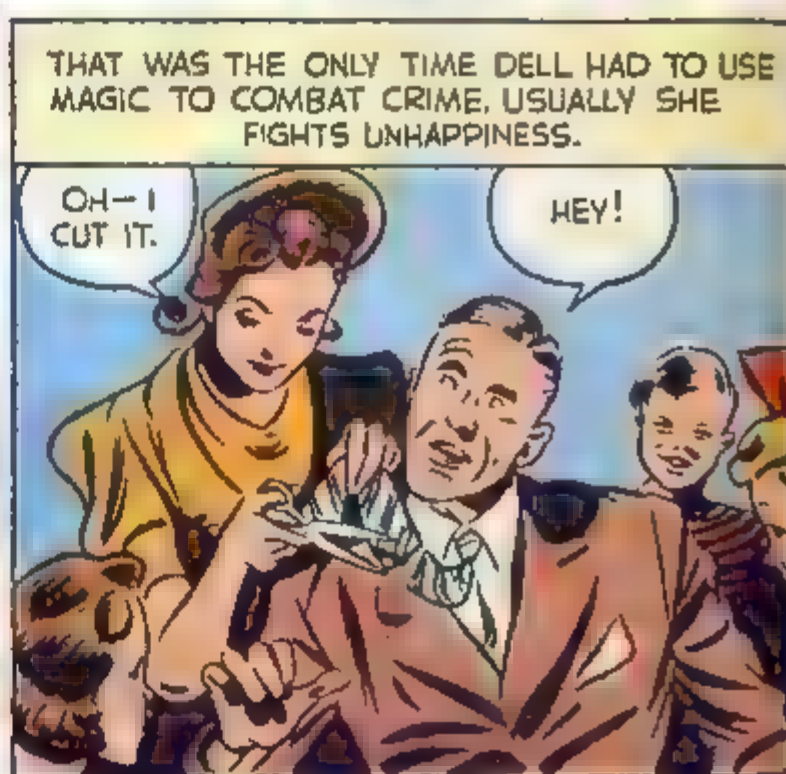
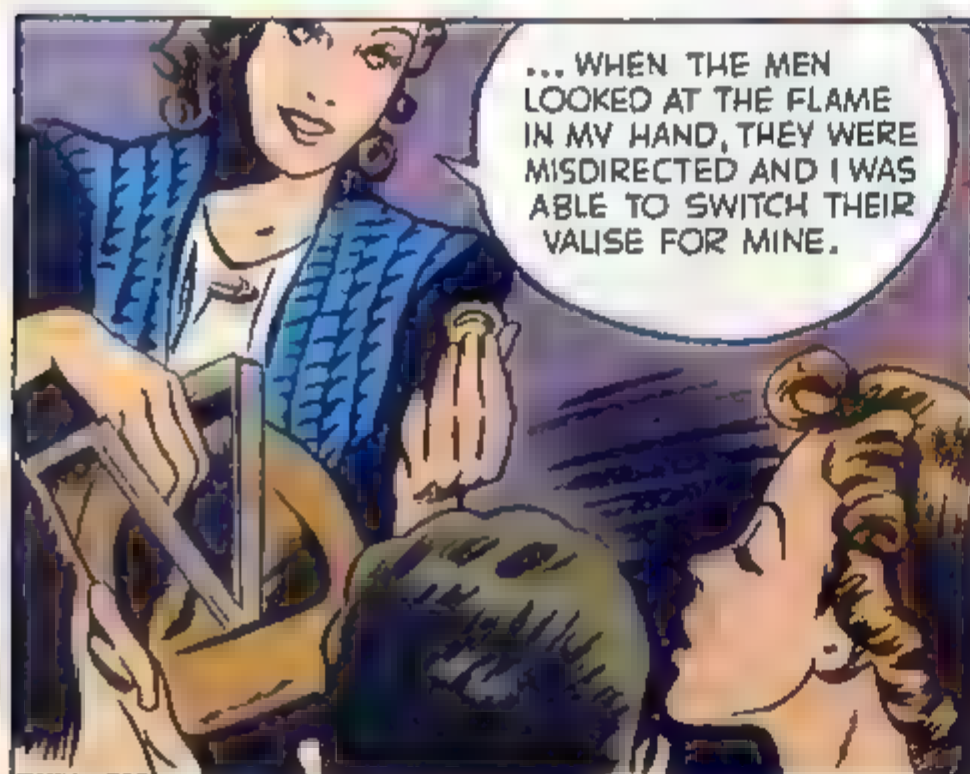
CHARLES HAD ANOTHER IDEA—AND DELL RETURNED TO AMERICA NOT ONLY AS A MAGICIENNE BUT AS MRS. CARRER, TOO!



DELL WORKED HER WAY TO FAME FROM SMALL TO LARGER AND LARGER NIGHT CLUBS. ONE NIGHT...







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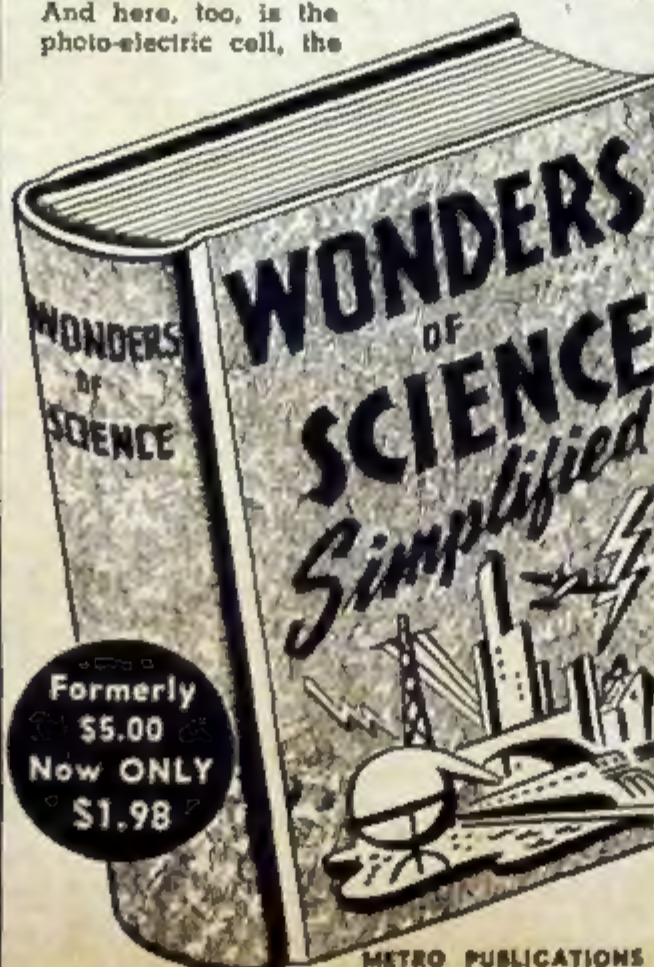
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